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SUNBURN WITH THE THERMOMETER BELOW ZERO! AN OPEN-AIR WINTER SPORT PICNIC IN THE ALPS.

During fine weather a picnic in the open, sometimes with the thermometer below zero, is a feature of the winter sport day in Switzerland. With the midday sun blazing in a brilliant blue sky, sunburnt faces are, indeed, not

uncommon. The drawing shows a group of happy visitors enjoying light refreshments on the Gerschni Alp, near Engelberg, at the top of the "bob" run. This place is also a favourite starting-point for ski-runners.

DRAWN BY C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SHOULD like to write a book under the general title of *The Timid Thinkers*. By this term I refer to those who are commonly called *The Bold Thinkers*. For what strikes me most about the sceptics, who are praised as daring and audacious, is that they dare not carry out any of their own acts of audacity. It is their peculiar feature that they are always starting something that is intended to be very striking, and then being willing to wound and yet afraid to strike. I do not mean that they are base enough to be merely afraid of our law; quite as often they are really afraid of their own lawlessness. But they are afraid; in the sense that they hardly ever venture to complete their own argument. Some of these men I admire, some I find rather tiresome, which is about as near as I get to really resenting them. But I think that what I say of them is true. They are emphatically not men who carry a destructive idea through to its logical consequences; they are men who throw it out like a firework, but do not really wait for it to work its full destruction like a bomb. It is typical that some types of thinkers are called suggestive thinkers. But it is easy enough to suggest something, and leave it to be found unworkable by other people; as it is easy for a little boy to ring a bell and run away. The little boy ringing the bell is doubtless in one sense a rebel defying authority. But he is not quite on a level with the paladins or heroes who blew the horn hung outside the giant's castle; because they remained to thrash things out in a thoughtful manner with the giant.

Now there are a number of nihilistic phrases wandering about in the air to-day, but those phrases are never really developed into philosophies. If they were, those particular phrases would probably be found to develop into patently absurd philosophies. A man in the time of the Schopenhauer fashion would say, over the tea-cups, that life is not worth living, and he would go on to say something equally significant; as that Pingle's rondeau in the *Yellow Book* was an immortal thing of jade and emerald; or that Jubb of the New English Art Club had erased the mistake called Michael Angelo. But he would not go on to say, as a serious thesis, that prussic acid should be served out at tea-time instead of tea; or that hospitals should be blown up on the charge that they sometimes save people's lives. In short, he would talk like a pessimist, but he would not think like a pessimist; above all, he would not complete his pessimistic thinking. Pessimism of that sort is now rather old-fashioned, but it was not full or final even when it was fashionable. And exactly the same suggestive or fragmentary character belongs to the other things that have been fashionable since. A man says to-day, over the cocktails, that he is a Bolshevik and believes with Marx that men must be what their economic and material origins make them. He goes on to remark casually something suitable to the same social atmosphere;

as that the music of the future must consist entirely of factory-hooters and gas-explosions, or that Mossy's bust of Lady Smith is supreme in its lack of likeness and its collision of five geometric planes. But he will not go on to apply seriously his own line of logic; as that Lenin is no more to be admired than Stolypin, since both only did what they were materially fated to do. Men throw out these thoughts—if at that stage they can be called thoughts—but they do not think them out; and they soon grow tired of any thinking.

A great thinker spends half his life in explaining his theory and the other half in explaining it away. As a matter of fact, most of the advanced have thus retired; or those who strode forward stopped or stepped back. Even Mr. Bernard Shaw, who seems to grow more right every day, began so very wrong that he could not himself avoid putting himself right. He once denounced all general ideals for the

artistic method it was ruthless, often at the expense of reason and probability.

But if he changed spiritually, it was always towards feeling less of the ruthlessness and more of the ruth. I should be very much surprised to learn that Hardy, especially in later life, was really a pessimist at all. His theory, as a theory, is not very clear or complete; but I am sure he did not become more clear or more complete, in the sense of more convinced of a dogma of despair. Consciously or unconsciously, the tendency is almost always the other way. Hardy recoiled from the Hardy philosophy, just as Shaw recoiled from the Shaw philosophy; and most of the anarchists and atheists recoil from the anarchist and atheist philosophy. Much of their later ingenuity is employed in trying to mend with their wisdom what they have broken with their wit. It is so easy to say something to start with that sounds splendidly sensible, and so difficult afterwards to reconcile it with common sense. A man like Mr. Arnold Bennett will say that nobody should be praised or blamed, because temperamental tendencies are so inevitable. But a man like Mr. Arnold Bennett has no more intention than I have of really walking, in broad daylight, through the real world, without ever blaming or praising anybody. All this that calls itself Modern Thought is a series of false starts and belated stoppages. It starts by believing in nothing, and it ends by getting nowhere. But the point is that, even if it ever gets anywhere, it no longer even tries to get where it originally wanted to go.

The explanation, as I have said, is simple enough. Anybody can throw out a suggestion, in the sense of throwing away a suggestion. The brilliant books of Mr. H. G. Wells almost entirely consist of suggestions that he has thrown away. But it is very different if the

idea comes back like a boomerang to the hand, and we do not always find it easy to handle. The negative writers of the nineteenth-century tradition were always creating a sensation by offering to abolish something, or (like Bakunin) to abolish everything. But that sort of generalisation is only a sensation; it is not really a system. It is a facile triumph to reveal the great truth that all men are really quadrupeds. The difficulty is, as life goes on and love and friendship become more subtle or many-sided, to live a complete human existence while still going about on all fours. It is great fun to thrill the mob by saying it consists entirely of suicidal maniacs; the difficulty is what to do next, except commit suicide. What generally happens is that great men gradually grow sane; and, having begun with the enjoyment of being extraordinary, end with the more mystical beatitude of becoming ordinary. They begin each with his own wild and generally inhuman philosophy; but by the end they have, in a sense somewhat different from that of the old phrase, joined the religion of all sensible men.



THE SCENE OF THE GREATEST ITALIAN DISCOVERY MADE THIS CENTURY IN PREHISTORIC ARCHÆOLOGY: LAKE LEDRO—THE SIDE ON WHICH HAS BEEN FOUND A PILE-BUILT VILLAGE OF THE STONE AGE.

As explained in our notes under the further illustrations of the subject on the opposite page, the recent lowering of the level of Lake Ledro, in the Italian Alps, in connection with a hydro-electric undertaking, brought to light the remains of the largest prehistoric pile-built settlement yet found in Italy. The event suggests a parallel with the draining of Lake Nemi to find the sunken pleasure-barges of Caligula (illustrated on pages 818 and 819); but in that case the draining was done specially for the purposes of archaeology. At Lake Ledro, on the other hand, the object was engineering, and the archaeological results were incidental and unexpected.

testing of particular actions, and said that the only golden rule is that there is no golden rule. In theory he was purely opportunist; that is, in theory he was against all theories. But even in some of his earliest quarrels, such as that on Vivisection, he was not really opportunist at all. He was obviously acting on the general principle that the ideal of Mercy must overrule all opportunism. The good old golden rule was back in all its glory; and even frogs and guinea-pigs must profit by the universal commandment to do as we would be done by. Shaw has never carried through any Shavian philosophy; he has expanded, but at the expense of his theory not being extended. As for Wells, he has had so many theories that he would need to borrow the three hundred years of Methuselah from Shaw, in order to fulfil any of them. But, anyhow, he has not fulfilled any of them. Mr. Britling did not see it through: that is exactly what the Wellsian heroes do not do. It is the same with nearly all the great men of the sceptical school. People talk of the pessimism of Thomas Hardy as ruthless; and in its

LAKE-DRAINING REVEALS A STONE-AGE VILLAGE: A GREAT DISCOVERY.



THE GREATEST
PREHISTORIC
"FIND"
OF THIS
CENTURY
IN ITALY:
A PILE-BUILT
VILLAGE
OF THE STONE
AGE REVEALED
BY LOWERING
THE LEVEL OF
AN ALPINE
LAKE—
PART OF THE
SETTLEMENT
(COVERING
OVER 2000
SQUARE YARDS)
ON THE SHORE
OF THE LAKE
OF LEDRO.

STONE AGE
ARCHITECTURE
BROUGHT
TO LIGHT
UNEXPECTEDLY
THROUGH
A MODERN
ENGINEERING
ENTERPRISE:
REMAINS OF
STONE AGE
PILE-
DWELLINGS
UNCOVERED
WHEN THE
LAKE OF LEDRO,
NEAR
LAKE GARDA,
WAS LOWERED
IN CONNECTION
WITH A HYDRO-
ELECTRIC
SCHEME—
A NEARER VIEW
OF SOME
LARGE PILES.



The greatest discovery in the field of prehistoric archæology made in Italy during the present century is thus described by a correspondent: "Through lowering the level of the Alpine Lake of Ledro, on the mountain side above Lake Garda, for the huge hydro-electric works of Rovereto, the most extensive pile-dwelling yet found in Italy has come to light. The part of the settlement left high and dry occupies an area of over 2000 square yards, and shows a forest of poles, numbering over a thousand. They are of larch and chestnut wood. Judging from the first 'finds'—stone implements, rough hand-made and hand-polished ware,

vessels with or without incised ornaments—the origins of the village must go back to the Stone Age, but it seems that the settlement lasted for a very long time, possibly into the Age of Bronze. Regular explorations by the archæological authorities of the Province will take place immediately, and, as none of the *palafitte* hitherto found in the Po valley, or among the Italian lakes, shows better its actual condition at the time of discovery, measures will be taken to preserve these remains. Apart from their scientific importance, their natural setting is very impressive. The first objects found have been taken to the Museum of Trent."



THE REAL STATE OF RUSSIA AFTER TWELVE YEARS OF SOVIET RULE.

I.—LABOUR CONDITIONS.



By R. SOUTHAN, who went to Russia with the Two Miners of the Tilmanstone Collieries.

per day, and a rouble will only purchase food to the value of sevenpence! Thus the actual worker in the mine gets only 2s. 7d. per shift of six hours.

One must remember, also, that the worker gets the best pay, for people such as clerks, accountants, and shop assistants get much less than the amount quoted above. The miner also receives, during winter months only, a free supply of coal per month, which is much less than that allowed monthly to English miners all the year round. In one of the new factories for coal by-products one discovered that wages were roughly 72 to 130 roubles per month. The average value of this amounts to £5 or £6 per month! A foreman in this factory told us he had been elected as such by the workmen, and that his wage was 140 roubles per month, or a purchasing value of eighty-two shillings!

Most of the factories recently built have hostels for single men and single women. We inspected one for men and one for women, and found them to be fairly comfortable. In all new villages

family carries its own cooking utensils, and in each coach one finds at one end a cooking-stove, and at the other a hole in the floor to be used as a lavatory! Every day one sees long queues of women lining up for the ration of bread and sugar. The worker is allowed twice the weight of bread (black) that is received by clerks, etc.

In all factories and mines we visited, we found that the officials were elected to their posts by the workers, and it is quite easy to see why these men are frequently inefficient, as qualifications do not seem to enter into the matter at all. Every month there is a "clearing day," on which the merits or demerits of the officials are discussed. Those whose actions are not approved of are sent back to work and others elected in their places. Thus a man hardly ever has time to get to know his job or to introduce new and better methods which might be very beneficial to the workers.

The bulk of the people are peasants; in fact, out of a population of over 160 millions, there are 120 million peasants. Each peasant has a portion of land, for which he pays taxes to the Government. He and his family live in terribly bad houses, under frightful conditions. He grows sufficient corn, etc.,

for himself and his animals, and enough to pay his taxes also. Any additional produce he sells to the Government at a price very much below the market value, and is told that the large profit on this goes to benefit the country. This is another illustration of poor reasoning on the part of the Government, for the peasant simply says: "Why should I labour for so low a price?" As a result, only 20 per cent. of this wonderful soil is cultivated. Of course, they are short of up-to-date machinery, but, even in far-off days, Russia exported millions of pounds' worth of corn without modern machinery. If a fair price were paid to the peasant, one feels that Russia would soon be enriching herself by the sale of corn, and be able to spend large sums on industrialisation. In further articles I shall discuss the "Home Life of the Workers in Soviet Russia," and the "Cost of Living—Unemployment, Pay, and Pensions."

Our readers will recall that, at the invitation of their employers, who paid all their expenses, two miners from the Tilmanstone Collieries, at Eythorne, near Dover, went to Soviet Russia recently, and were able to visit unofficially certain coal mines and other centres. Amongst other things, they investigated conditions at the Barovsky mine, the salt mine named after Karl Liebknecht, and the New Economical mine. They also saw something of Moscow, Artimovsk, a doss-house at Slovansk, and workers' homes in mining districts. Each reported at home in due course, and most adversely. At the same time, Mr. R. Southan, who is a school-master and accompanied the miners to Russia to act as their interpreter, made a speech in which he confirmed his companions' verdict. We are sure that our readers will be particularly interested in this article by Mr. Southan, inasmuch as it is essentially a straight, simple, unprejudiced narrative; and we would add that two others are to follow.

MUCH has been written in various newspapers and pamphlets on labour conditions in Russia, and it is almost impossible to arrive at a true idea without experiencing an uncondemned tour in that country. One says "uncondemned," because it is certain that visitors to Soviet Russia are always "condemned" to the few places where conditions are fairly good. By accident I happened, with two Kent miners, to obtain this "uncondemned" tour and was able to see the real conditions of labour.

An effort is certainly being made to make better conditions for the workers, but I am of the opinion that the people at the head of affairs could easily improve these efforts. For instance, each factory or mine has its workers' committee, which is allowed to suggest better methods of production to the management. These suggestions are certainly made, but seldom are they put into operation, for in the mines we discovered old methods still being employed after repeated "suggestions" from the workers' committee.

Every worker is entitled to a holiday of from two to four weeks on full pay. He certainly needs this. One feels that this would be a desirable thing for English workers, who work so much harder than the Russians! In the mines the workers live, rent-free, in houses of poor stamp, with no sanitation or water or bath, and a family in each room. The workers certainly could not afford to pay rent, as their wages are so very low. A miner who works at the coal face receives only an average of 4.35 roubles

one finds an enclosed space where flowers and trees are planted, and always there is a platform where the ever-present political speeches are delivered. In this garden the workers' sole recreation is to be found, with the exception, perhaps, of a sports ground, where even football matches are played. This is quite all right in summer, but one's thoughts naturally fly to the question—"What recreation can they have in winter?"

It is possible that, during the régime of the Tsar, the people had no recreation at all, and are, therefore, highly delighted with these innovations. In Artimovsk, a town of over forty thousand inhabitants, there were a theatre, two open-air picture houses, and a summer theatre. In all of these one only saw plays bearing on the Revolution, and yet the officials of the town assured us that everything was being done to broaden people's minds!

Transport for workers is extremely bad, as there are no good roads. Only a very few motor-buses are to be seen, and train service is very uncomfortable indeed. In one train in which we travelled, we sat upon hard wooden seats, and overhead were similar boards on which to sleep. People are to be seen at the railway stations lying about all over the place, waiting for trains. Each



"THE BULK OF THE PEOPLE ARE PEASANTS": COUNTRY-WOMEN BEFORE THE LENINGRAD-MOSCOW TRAIN. "Transport for workers is extremely bad, as there are no good roads. Only a few motor-buses are to be seen, and train service is very uncomfortable indeed. . . . People are to be seen at the railway stations lying about all over the place, waiting for trains."

The Three Photographs on this Page are by John Fraenkel, Copenhagen.



A WOMAN AT WORK IN SOVIET RUSSIA: A REGULATOR OF TRAMS IN LENINGRAD.

A FILM FOUNDED ON THE "TITANIC" DISASTER:
SCENES FROM "ATLANTIC."



THE BAND OF THE SINKING LINER, "GAME TO THE END," CONTINUES TO PLAY LIVELY TUNES ON DECK TO KEEP UP THE SPIRITS OF THE PASSENGERS: A SCENE IN "ATLANTIC."



AFTER THE CAPTAIN HAS GIVEN THE LAST GRIM ORDER—"EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF"—FOLLOWED BY THE CRY—"BE BRITISH!" A SCENE IN THE ENGINE-ROOM.



AFTER THE PADRE HAS CALMED THE DOOMED CROWD IN THE SMOKING-ROOM: CARD-PLAYERS AND (TO LEFT) THE CRIPPLED JOHN ROOL AND HIS WIFE (MR. FRANKLIN DYALL AND MISS ELLALINE TERRISS).

CROWD REACTION TO FEAR OF IMMINENT DEATH: A WILD SCENE AMONG STEERAGE AND OTHER PASSENGERS HERDED IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.



"REFUSING TO LEAVE HIS POST, HE DECLINED THE AID OF A LIFE-BELT, AND WHEN LAST SEEN WAS STILL SENDING 'S.O.S.'": THE HEROIC WIRELESS OPERATOR (MR. SYD CROSSLEY).



"LANCHESTER, YOU ARE NO LONGER UNDER MY ORDERS. GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU!" THE CAPTAIN (MR. LYNN) AND THE FIRST OFFICER (MR. JOHN LONGDEN) ON THE BRIDGE AT THE LAST.

The loss of the "Titanic" with nearly 1500 lives, on April 14, 1912—probably the greatest peace-time disaster in the annals of the sea—formed the basis of Mr. Ernest Raymond's play, "The Berg" (produced at His Majesty's Theatre last March), and a sound-film version of the play has now been made by British International Pictures, Ltd., in the studios at Elstree. Scenes of intense poignancy

show how the imminent approach of death acts on various types of character, both singly and in the mass, and illustrate vividly the tragic happenings of such a catastrophe. The principal character, that of John Rool, the crippled novelist in his invalid-chair, played at His Majesty's by Mr. Godfrey Tearle, is represented in the film by Mr. Franklin Dyall, while Miss Ellaline Terriss appears as Mrs. Rool, the heroic wife who will not leave her husband—a part originally taken, on the stage, by Miss Marion Fawcett. The cast of the film also includes Miss Helen Haye and Miss Joan Barry. A German version of "Atlantic," with German players substituted, was given in Berlin on October 28.

"AN ESCAPE INTO ADVENTURE."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"CLIMBS AND SKI RUNS": By F. S. SMYTHE.*

(PUBLISHED BY BLACKWOOD.)

"HOW long mountain-climbing will persist as an escape into adventure from our increasing uniformity and monotony is often a matter of discussion among us," says Geoffrey Winthrop Young, writing a little wistfully of his kindred. "It would seem doubtful that men will feel impelled any longer

may be superb; there is rosemary in remembrance; faith, charity, and love are in the brotherhood of the rope and the axe; but it is the primal instinct to vanquish that is the lure clutched in the gauntlet thrown down as challenge, and success, the elusive, that is the guerdon.

"An escape into adventure"—and into what adventure! The kindly British hills have their caprices, although "one rock climb is very like another... a different combination of contortions." There are dangers in the yellow, black-daubed, red-splashed, angular Dolomites, their steepness and complexity, their brittleness. There are perils in the peaks of Corsica, even though they are less perceptible at times than the evening odours of Calasima, "the highest village in Corsica in more senses than one." There is defiance in the West Buttress of Clogwyn dur Arddu. But it is in such master mountains of the Alps as the dragon-guarded Tödi, the Schreckhorn—"the Peak of Terror"—the Eiger—well called "The Ogre"—Mont Blanc and Mont Blanc de Courmayeur that the mountaineer meets Nature in all her savagery, all her deceitfulness, all her glory. There—an he has the youth, the will, the strength, and the ability—he may duel to his doom with her or to her undoing.

The odds are on the Dame who is "red in tooth and claw," tempting and treacherous, a mother and a murderer.

Defending her inviolate bastions with battering storm and with jagged rock, with avalanche and falling stone, with glassy ice and traitorous snow, unscalable walls, loose "holds," precipitous slopes, numbing cold and frost-bite, the dread hour of start before the dawn, glacier, couloir, and moraine, she battles like the elemental Fury that she is, jealous of ambitious, encroaching Man.

That she does not always win is one of the wonders. "Never does a man approach nearer the line bordering life and death as on a mountain. He holds in his finger-tips the power of either, his very toes are arbiters of his destiny. And how small an organism he is, a mere atom amid forces that may arise and crush him; yet a dominant atom for a time, of a wider orbit than his fellows of plain and city."

"A dominant atom": his weapons, bravery and self-confidence; the stout boot, the ski, and the crampon; rucksack, rope, and ice-axe; the cunning cranny, the hard-cut step, the constricting chimney, the friendly ledge; and, Fortune so willing it, companions after his own heart. Above and beyond all, the philosophy of "If"—"If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew To serve your turn long after they are gone, And so hold on when there is nothing in you—"

See an enemy. "A blinding tourmente of snow and hail, snarling wind, and crashing thunder," on the Schreckhorn. "There was no previous indication of the electrical tension," Mr. Smythe recalls. "Ice-axes and metal objects did not hiss as they usually do. The charged clouds were blown at great speed against the mountain and, as soon as they were near enough, discharged their electrical energy. Douglas and Harrison were below me, moving carefully over the difficult rocks, when there was a blinding glare and a terrible

explosion. I received a stunning blow on the head as if I had been sandbagged. For a second or so I was completely knocked out, and but for the rope, which I had previously fastened securely round a rock, I might have fallen and dragged the party to disaster. When I had recovered my wits sufficiently to move down, fits of trembling supervened, and it was only with difficulty that I could control my limbs. No doubt the nerve centres were affected. Considering the violence of the discharge, and the terrific report that accompanied it, the shock I received was without doubt only the secondary effect of the flash. A direct hit must have been fatal. Even the secondary or 'corona' effects of a lightning discharge may be fatal. Dr. Russell tells me that had my clothes been dry, I would in all probability not have survived such a powerful shock. Fortunately we had been well damped by the first storm, and the electrical fluid naturally ran down my wet clothes in preference to my body. As is well known, a high frequency current utilises only the surface of a conductor. This peculiarity is known to engineers as the 'skin effect.' In my case my 'skin,' for electrical purposes, was represented by my clothes." The while, there was grave risk of being whirled from the slopes by the blizzard! And tempestuous weather is but one sorrow, a single spy of the battalions.

Warning had been given, but the climbers had not heeded it—indeed, they scarcely appreciated it. "The dawn was wild and hurried, and scarcely had the sun's first rays lit the snow wall of the Fiescherhörner when it was superseded by a weird greenish glow. . . . Everywhere we looked the green colour predominated. . . . I have since spoken to Dr. A. Russell, F.R.S., the noted expert on thunderstorms and their attendant phenomena. He told me that these 'green ray sunrises,' as he termed them, are

(Continued on page x.)



A JANUARY DAWN: THREADING THE SNOW-MASKED CREVASSES OF THE 13,000-FT. PIZ BERNINA.

The Piz Bernina is the highest peak in the Engadine. Owing to the hardness of the snow, skis were abandoned below the great ice-fall known as "The Labyrinth," and the ascent was continued on foot. The party are seen threading the intricate system of treacherous snow-masked crevasses. The first night was spent at the Boval Hut, and the second at the Marco E Rosa Hut.

Reproduced from "Climbs and Ski Runs," by Courtesy of Mr. F. S. Smythe, the Author, and of Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, the Publishers.

to cling perilously with their hands and feet, when every salience and secret on the earth's surface has become attainable upon easy mechanical wings. Will the impulse to adventure—which has coincided so happily for a time with that 'feeling' for mountains—die with its opportunity? Or will new outlets be found during yet another stage in our conquest of the elements?"

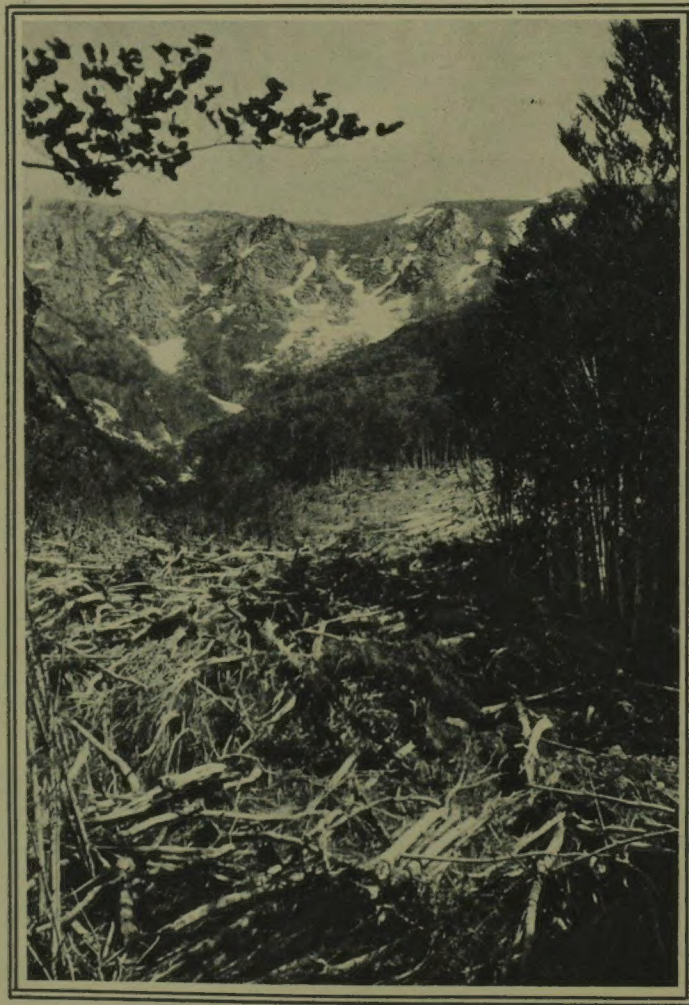
The answer is in the deeds of F. S. Smythe and in his words: "To a mountaineer an Alpine peak is something more than a mass of rock, snow, and ice rising to inhospitable altitudes, and however much those who gaze from below may rhapsodise at beauty of form, grace of outline, and richness of colouring, they cannot experience the feelings of the climber setting forth to the attack; his doubts and fears; the fierce joy of conquest; the downwards glimpse through a breaking mist; the relaxation of taut muscles and strung nerves on the summit."

And be it remembered that Mr. Smythe has been won back from other heights. He "represents a moment of reprieve in the threatened change. He has been recaptured from the militant profession of wings to struggle once again . . . to balance upon his feet, at comfortless angles, and to smite and grip with his fingers at elemental surfaces."

True, it was an easy victory, for the flyer returned to pioneer acknowledges a "religion," "a reasoned devotion to the hills," without which he would not care to exist; but it remains a victory to be acclaimed.

The attack and the fierce joy of conquest: that is the secret. The view from the ledge or the pinnacle

* "Climbs and Ski Runs: Mountaineering and Ski-ing in the Alps, Great Britain, and Corsica." By F. S. Smythe. With a Foreword by Geoffrey Winthrop Young. (William Blackwood and Sons; 21s. net.)

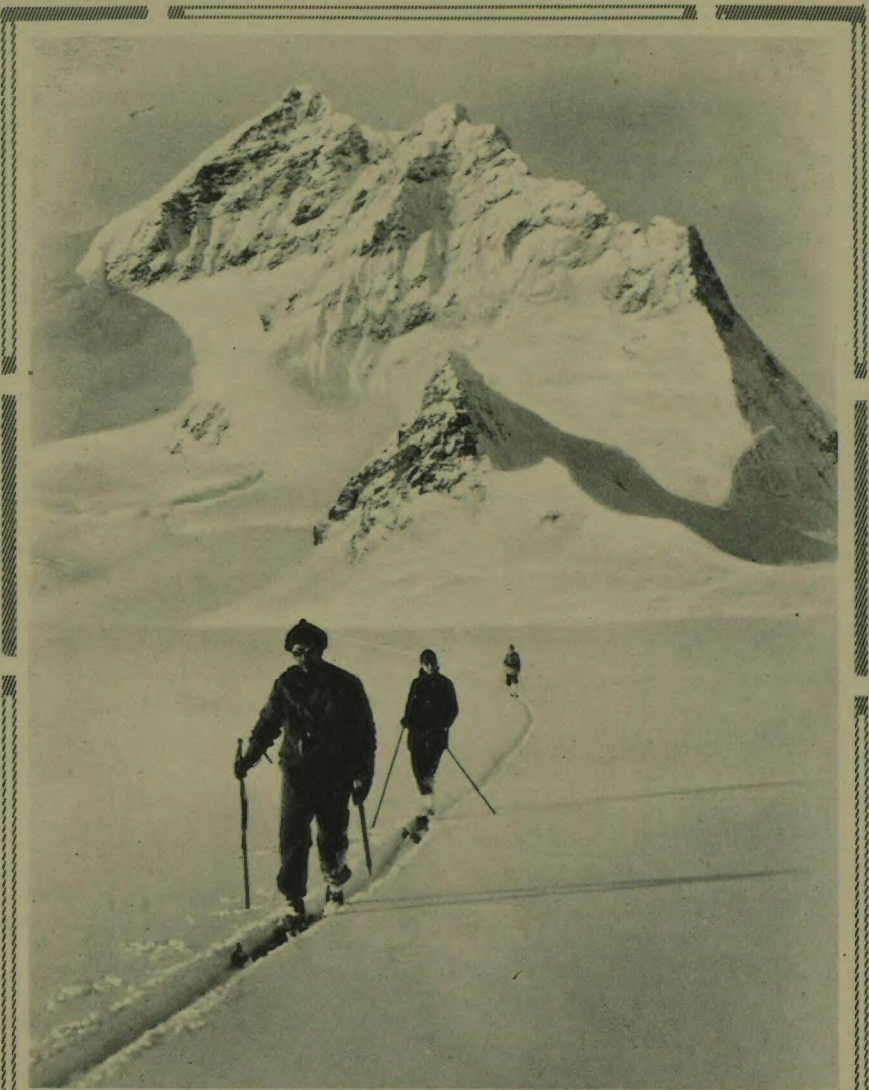


TWO MILES OF DENSE FOREST RAZED TO THE GROUND BY AN AVALANCHE NEAR VIZZAVONA, IN CORSICA: THE PATH CUT THROUGH THE TREES.

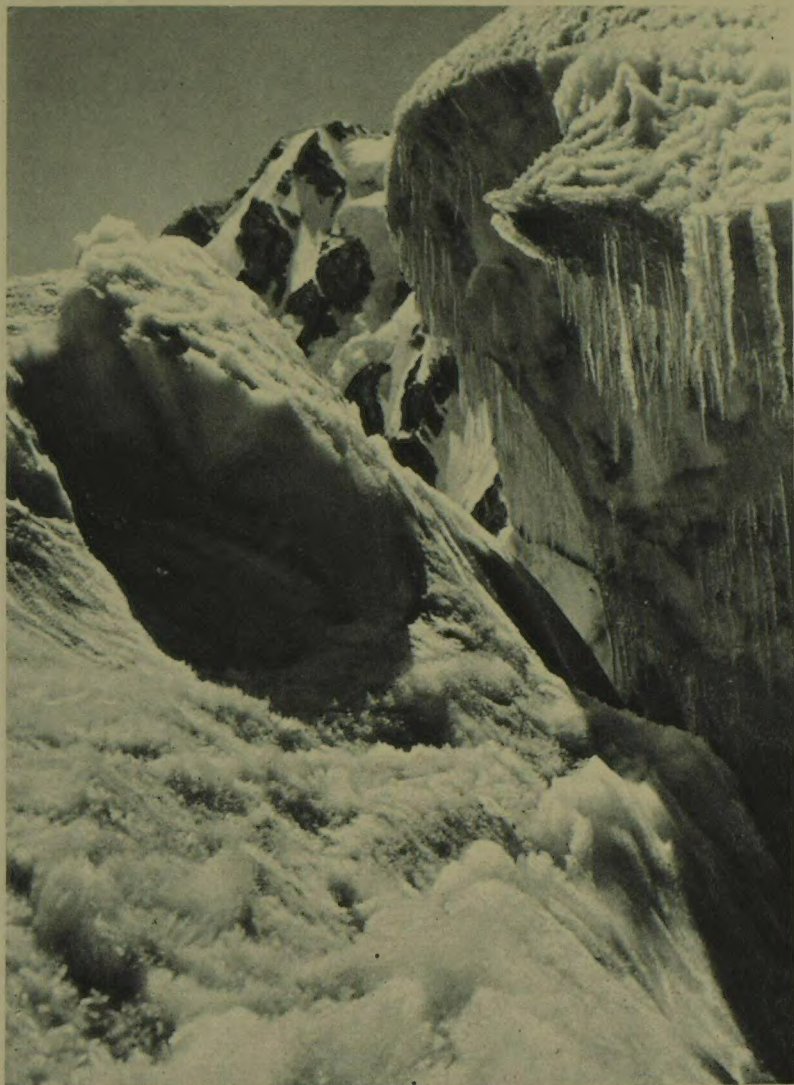
Mr. Smythe notes on this photograph: "The path through beech and pine forests swept clear by the largest avalanche that has ever fallen in Corsica within living memory. Most people associate Corsica with sunshine and heat, but during the winter months huge snowfalls are common in the mountains. This avalanche destroyed several shepherds' huts in the valley, and killed a number of persons. It is a much bigger avalanche than any I have seen in the Alps."

Reproduced from "Climbs and Ski Runs," by Courtesy of Mr. F. S. Smythe, the Author, and of Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, the Publishers.

"AN ESCAPE INTO ADVENTURE": THE ATOM MAN ON MASTER MOUNTAINS.



THE JUNGFRAU AS SEEN FROM THE LARGEST SKI FIELD IN EUROPE: A PARTY ON SKIS ON THE GREAT ALETSCHE GLACIER, WHICH IS OVER FIFTEEN MILES IN LENGTH.



A FORMIDABLE MOAT OVER WHICH THE MOUNTAINEER MUST PASS BY SNOW-BRIDGE, OR MUST CROSS IN SOME OTHER WAY: A BERGSCHRUND (A CREVASSE) ON MONT BLANC.

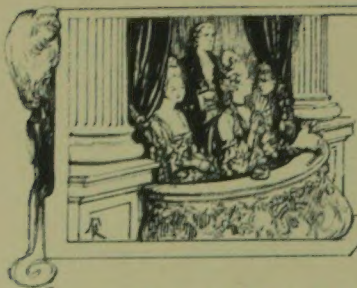


THE GHOST PEAK THAT IS HAUNTED BY THE SPIRITS OF THE DAMNED! ON THE SUMMIT OF THE GESPENSTERHORN—ON THE LEFT, THE FINSTERAARHORN; IN THE CENTRE, THE PEAKS OF THE FIESCHERGABELHÖRNER; ON THE RIGHT, THE PEAKS OF ZERMATT AND THE PENNINE ALPS (FORTY MILES AWAY).

Describing these photographs, Mr. Smythe, whose book, "Climbs and Ski Runs," is reviewed on the opposite page, writes of the first: "The Great Aletsch Glacier is the longest glacier in Europe. On the right is the Jungfrau Joch; and the Jungfrau Joch Hotel (out of sight) is the highest hotel in Europe (11,400 ft.)—a magnificent ski-ing centre even in midsummer, when the Swiss military patrol races are held." Of the second, he notes: "In the background is Mont Blanc de Courmayeur, the Italian summit of Mont Blanc, to the summit of which Professor T. Graham Brown, F.R.S., and I made a new route in 1928—the first ascent from the Brenva Glacier. This climb took two days, and must be

reckoned as one of the hardest ice and rock climbs yet done. This 'bergschrund' is a typical example of a difficulty with which the climber is frequently confronted. It is a huge crevasse which separates the glacier from the mountain-side. It is a moat over which the mountaineer must, by hook or crook, find a snow-bridge, or some other means of crossing, or fail in his climb." As to the third photograph, he comments: "The Gespensterhorn is a little-known, 12,400-ft. peak in the Bernese Oberland, and provides a splendid ski run. Its name means 'The Ghost Peak,' and superstition has it that it is haunted by the spirits of the damned! The Finsteraarhorn is the highest peak in the Oberland (14,024 ft.)."

REPRODUCTIONS FROM "CLIMBS AND SKI RUNS," BY COURTESY OF MR. F. S. SMYTHE, THE AUTHOR, AND OF MESSRS. WM. BLACKWOOD AND SONS, THE PUBLISHERS.



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



"ON WITH THE SHOW" (AT THE TIVOLI).

FROM the charming coloured interludes of "Broadway Melody," and its successors, to the "hundred per cent." natural colour vaudeville entertainment was but a step. The step has been taken, and, it may safely be said, triumphantly taken, by Warner Bros., whose picture, "On with the Show," has succeeded the popular "Bulldog Drummond" on the Tivoli screen. I could not, as a layman, point out the advances in natural colour-photography made since Douglas Fairbanks gave us "The Black Pirate," which was introduced to London at the same theatre some years ago, and of which I treasure pleasant memories. Indeed, it seems to me that the same shortcomings apparent in Fairbanks's picture, judged from the point of view of colour, yet remain to be overcome. There is still a certain fuzziness of outline in ensembles, a certain atmospheric agitation drawn, like a curtain of shimmering gauze, over figures seen at a middle-distance; above all, an all-pervading tinge of brown that turns snowy-limbed blondes into dusky beauties until they emerge from the background, and intrudes on all the gentler colours of the artist's palette. On the other hand, the palette shows a wider range of tints, and there is a delicacy in the treatment of the more remote vistas which is obviously the result of research and experiment.

Alan Crosland, the able director, has handled his material with a clear perception of its popular appeal. It is easy to recognise the value of colour in the gyrations of a beauty-chorus converting the stage into an animated rainbow; as easy to foretell the tremendous effect of an intermezzo such as "The Land of Let's Pretend," wherein a procession of stately yet slender goddesses, trailing robes of splendour—trailing, mark you, not wearing, for goddesses hate being muffled up!—and bearing all the plumes of Africa upon their proud little heads, descend a high-flung flight of steps against a diaphanous sky, to which bubbles, frail as dreams, continually ascend—a scene as delicate, as magical as a Dulac illustration. The inspiration of such a scene may well be due to Larry Ceballos, who is responsible for the "Dance and Stage Presentation." But the pace, the humour, the drama of the frenzied life that goes on behind the scenes the while the "show goes on," are certainly the result of Mr. Crosland's vision and imagination. He has created the harried atmosphere, the feeling of piled-up misfortune, which, to a greater or lesser degree, invade the first-night of any big show in the hidden world on the other side of the footlights. For the purposes of dramatic contrast, poor Jerry (excellently played by Sam Hardy), the manager of a show which must get to Broadway or "bust," is in unusually deep and hot water. His pockets are empty, his backer withdraws because a dear little "trouper" refuses her favour, his leading-lady lets him down, his till is robbed, and he himself is nearly arrested. And yet the Show goes on, smoothly, smilingly, superbly staged. Not one in the audience realises the witch's cauldron seething and bubbling behind the thickness of a painted canvas backcloth.

Like the mint-juleps that, recklessly rhymed with "two lips," supply the theme of a prominent ensemble-song, "On with the Show" is an exhilarating, nicely-spiced, heady, and not too heavy mixture—thoroughly enjoyable. It is interpreted by a well-chosen company of pleasant people, though Louise Fazenda's falsetto coyness is an acquired taste which I find it difficult to acquire. But Betty Compson, as the nymph-like star of the vaudeville show, stands out against the scintillating background—a clear-cut, coolly cynical little person, with a note of weary self-appraisal at the end that is

an echo of the human struggle, failure, and achievement back of all the glitter.

"THE GREAT GABBO" (NEW GALLERY).

"The Great Gabbo" might have been a great film. As it stands, it is a film embodying a great idea and a great performance. If only James Cruze,



FAMOUS FILM PLAYERS TOGETHER ON THE SCREEN FOR THE FIRST TIME: DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND MARY PICKFORD IN THE "TALKIE" VERSION OF "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"—DUE SHORTLY AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

the director, could have perceived the tremendous opportunity for a really fine drama and grasped it without any shilly-shallying, or any truckling to what is supposed to be the popular demand, what a picture we would have had! But Cruze, whose "Covered Wagon" remains a memorable example of the silent "screen-epic," has come up to date

with such a rush that he has only just had time to look around and notice the popularity of the vaudeville entertainment picture. Now, the herd-instinct of film-producers has caused this particular form of picture to be done to death. It has to be extraordinarily good of its kind to be acceptable, and that aspect of "The Great Gabbo" is by no means extraordinary. On the contrary, it is ordinary, and much of it is dull. It holds no compensations for switching us off continually from the tragedy of Gabbo. Just enough stage-traffic to create the right atmosphere (since this is a tragedy of stage life), with none of the kicking choruses, would have given Eric von Stroheim the background he needed. Chopped about and interrupted as it is, his portrait of the vain, ego-worshipping ventriloquist is one of the finest achievements I have ever seen. The Great Gabbo, in the clutch of his overweening conceit and ambition, deliberately banished all kindness, all consideration, and gave free rein to his cruel temper. But he had his finer instincts, and he handed them on, as it were, to Otto, his doll. Otto, you might say, stood for his soul. He talked to Otto, and put into his mouth the words of that still, small voice that is so difficult to smother. And when, on the very pinnacle of fame, he lost the woman he had hoped to reinstate in his life, in a very frenzy of grief he battered in the gentle little face of the puppet. The picture should have ended here, for, without his soul, how could the Great Gabbo go on? The last crazy manifestation of megalomania, with the ventriloquist shouting his creed of self-exaltation in the midst of the desperately-dancing chorus and principals on the open stage, misses fire as a dramatic situation, because the producer has insisted on giving us the whole of the ensemble, instead of the important section of it. Mr. Cruze uses throughout an amount of lighting that results in a sort of "white photography," neither becoming nor atmospheric. But Eric von Stroheim soars above all blemishes. His is a figure of extraordinary power. Very little gesture, an even voice, often sunk to a whisper; yet every line he utters, every movement he makes, conveys in an uncanny way tension, suspense, the lurking danger ahead. He excites hatred, contempt, and, through the medium of his sad puppet, pity for a lonely, tortured soul.

THE FILM SOCIETY.

The Film Society, on the threshold of its fifth season, can look back with pride and satisfaction on the firm establishment of its initial aims, as well as the development of its activities. Its first object was, and still is, to provide the students of the kinema with an opportunity of seeing films not otherwise available to them; not, in fact, the merely commercial film, though it must be remembered that several popular pictures have reached the commercial kinemas by way of the Film Society. The Society has, during the last years, widened its interests internationally, and intends, moreover, to form three practical study groups on "Film Direction and Scenario Writing," on "Camera Work," and on "Abstract Film Production," details of which will be announced later. The fifth season promises to be full of interest. It opens on Nov. 10 at the Tivoli with "The Battleship Potemkin," by Eisenstein. After that, a generous selection from a repertoire of Russian, French, German, Czechoslovakian and Japanese films is promised, including "The Legend of the Forty-Seven Ronin" (Japanese) in thirty reels!

Owing to the larger seating accommodation of the Tivoli, the Society has space for another hundred members. Immediate application should be made by those desirous of joining to the Secretary, Miss J. M. Harvey, 56, Manchester Street, W.1.



THE FIRST SHAKESPEAREAN "TALKIE," WITH "THE WORLD'S SWEETHEART" AS THE QUEEN OF SHREWS: MARY PICKFORD AS KATHARINA AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AS PETRUCHIO IN MR. C. B. COCHRAN'S FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION OF "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

It has been reserved for the films to emblazon Shakespeare's name in electric light in Piccadilly Circus, through Mr. C. B. Cochran's production (announced for November 14) of "The Taming of the Shrew" as a "talkie" picture at the London Pavilion, with Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and Miss Mary Pickford (his wife) as Petruchio and Katharina. It is the first film in which the two famous screen artists have appeared together. The comedy, it is said, has been treated in a rollicking spirit, and there are rather disquieting rumours of "additional dialogue." Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, who recently came on a visit to Europe, are expected to attend the first night at the Pavilion.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WINTER SPORT: ALPINE "MANNERS AND CUSTOMS."

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WINTER SPORT IN SWITZERLAND: A LEAF FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.

As in former seasons, Mr. Reginald Cleaver has again supplied us with some of his inimitable sketches, illustrating the lighter side of winter sports in Switzerland. On this occasion he has selected for treatment some amusing idiosyncrasies of costume, masculine and feminine, noting, among other things, the contrast between

the new and the old type of entertainer, both in attire and personality. One drawing airs a masculine grievance against the modern woman's way of monopolising the barber by having the back of her neck shaved. The humours of the inexperienced ski-runner are not forgotten.

FORESTS OF THE DEEP: WONDERFUL CORAL GROWTHS OF TREE-LIKE FORM OFF THE BAHAMAS.



ROAMING AMID FAIRY-LIKE FORESTS OF CORAL ON THE SEA-BED: A DIVER PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH THE WINDOW OF AN UNDER-SEA STUDIO, WITH THE OCCUPANT OF WHICH HE IS IN COMMUNICATION.



PROBABLY THE LARGEST SPECIMEN OF CORAL EVER TAKEN FROM THE SEA-BED: A HUGE "BRANCH" OF THE "PALMATE" VARIETY, MEASURING 16 FT. BY 14 FT. ACROSS, AND WEIGHING 4 TONS.

In our last issue, our readers will remember, we gave some remarkable under-water photographs of tropical fish swimming about among the coral-beds of the ocean floor off the Bahamas. These photographs were taken through the window of an under-sea studio at the lower end of a long tube let down from a boat on the surface, and forming part of the apparatus of an expedition led by Mr. J. E. Williamson on behalf of the Field Museum of Chicago. The tube was the invention of his father, Captain Charles Williamson, and had originally been devised for salvage work, but it was easily adapted to the purpose of oceanic research. Besides the photographic study of fish life, another object of the expedition, with which our present illustrations are more particularly concerned, was to obtain examples for the Museum of the marvellous coral formations from the "forests" of the ocean floor. While his wife, sitting with her baby, Sylvia, inside

(Continued opposite.)



A CONTRIVANCE FOR LIFTING A LARGE A GIGANTIC PADDED "PALM."



MORE WONDERFUL THAN ALICE'S BABY SYLVIA, HELD IN A HAVERSACK TO THE NEW



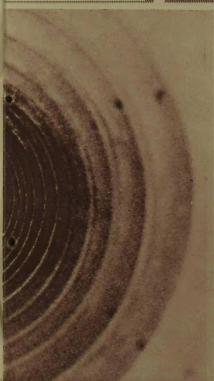
THE DESCENT TO THE NEW FAIRYLAND MR. J. E. WILLIAMSON, WITH BABY DOWN THE TUBE TO THE SUBMARINE



PALMATE CORAL FROM THE SEA-BED: DEVISED BY MR. J. E. WILLIAMSON.



ADVENTURE DOWN THE RABBIT-HOLE: BY HER FATHER, GOING DOWN A TUBE FAIRYLAND.



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA: SYLVIA, SEEN FROM ABOVE CLIMBING "NURSERY" AND STUDIO.

DIVING FOR NATURE'S TREASURE IN TROPIC SEAS; AND DESCENTS BY TUBE TO THE OCEAN FLOOR.

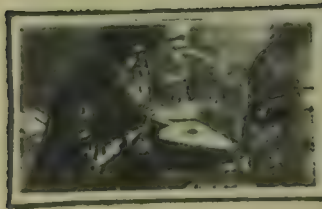


STAG-HORN CORAL, BRANCHED LIKE THE BOUGHS OF A TREE: ONE OF THE REMARKABLE SPECIMENS FROM THE OCEAN FLOOR OBTAINED BY THE FIELD MUSEUM-WILLIAMSON UNDER-SEA EXPEDITION DURING ITS RECENT OPERATIONS OFF THE COAST OF THE BAHAMA ISLANDS, WITH NATIVES AT WORK UPON IT.



SUGGESTING SNOW-COVERED TREES, BRANCHES, AND GIANT MUSHROOMS: CORAL GROWTHS IN AMAZING VARIETY OBTAINED FROM THE UNDER-SEA "FORESTS". SPECIMENS BLEACHED ON THE SHORE AFTER THE REMOVAL BY CHEMICALS OF A FILM OF LIVING POLYPS, WHICH, WITH MILLIONS OF THEIR ANCESTORS, HAD BUILT UP THESE BEAUTIFUL FORMATIONS.

the studio, sketched and photographed the fishes, Mr. J. E. Williamson directed the operations of native boys, who alone were capable of strenuous exertion in the intense heat of a tropical summer. Thus he succeeded in packing and shipping to the Museum some twenty tons of rare specimens of coral, including one, of the "palmate" type, which was probably the largest piece ever obtained from the sea-bed. In order to lift it, Mr. Williamson invented a special device (shown above) in the form of a padded "palm." Both palmate and stag-horn coral bear an extraordinary resemblance to branches of trees. When the specimens had been brought to the surface, they were taken ashore and treated with chemicals, to remove the film of living polyps. They were then laid on the sand to bleach in the sun. Two photographs show how Mr. Williamson carried his little daughter down the tube to her under-sea "nursery."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE HOUSE-SPARROW AND THE TREE-SPARROW.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

ONE does not need to be an ornithologist to distinguish that commonest of our native birds, the house-sparrow, at sight. But, having distinguished it, what of it? Here, as I say, is one of the commonest of our native birds, as much at home in thickly populated towns as in the hedgerow or the farmyard, yet to how many people is it anything more than just a sparrow, too common to be of any interest to anyone? Nevertheless, like Tennyson's "flower in the crannied wall," it presents some extraordinarily interesting problems, more especially if it be considered together with its near relation the tree-sparrow. Though the tree-sparrow is by no means so widespread or so numerous as the house-sparrow, it is still not a rare bird. Yet how many people are there who realise that such a bird exists, though they may have seen it dozens of times; for to the unobservant the two species are indistinguishable? Yet they differ one from another much more than is apparent at first sight.

On account of what is to follow, special note is to be taken of the fact that the house-sparrow presents three distinct personalities, so to speak; for the cock, the hen, and the fledgling are all different in the matter of their coloration. The adult cock (Fig. 2), you will remember, has, in the first place, a grey crown and nape, set off by a narrow bordering of a chocolate hue; a black throat and gorget, masked to a great extent during the winter months by greyish tips to the black feathers, but one white band across the wing; and a mantle of pale brown, relieved by dark streaks. He wears, by comparison with his mate (Fig. 1), a resplendent dress. For her vestments, as everybody knows, display a Quaker-like severity; while her offspring in their fledgling plumage are still duller.

Now, the tree-sparrow (Fig. 3) is, to begin with, a somewhat smaller bird, but recognisable at sight by the black cheek-patch set upon a ground-work of white. Furthermore, the crown is not grey, but of a uniform vinous chocolate hue, while there are two white bars across the wings; and, it will be noticed, the dark streaks along the back are somewhat narrower and more sharply defined. But more than this. However many you may see, you will, apparently, never see a hen nor a fledgling unless she be feeding it. And this because male, female, and young all wear the same "resplendent" livery. The dress of "hodden-grey," answering to that of the female and fledgling house-sparrow, has been discarded.

Having now made note of the fact that there are two distinct types of sparrows to be seen during our explorations of the countryside—if we are not out to beat records, when trees and tree-sparrows alike become reduced to a mere blur—it might be supposed that there was no more to be said. But there is a great deal more—much more than I can crowd into

this essay. I must leave, on this account, all speculations as to why the one species is so much more common than the other, and more widely spread, as well as questions pertaining to their food, for I want to concentrate on these very striking differences in coloration, since surely they call for some explanation.

The two species, be it noted, share the same climate, the same environment, and the same food. And in their habits they are not dissimilar. There seems to be nothing, in short, governing these external conditions, which will in the slightest degree throw any light on the strikingly different coloration. We have something more, as I hope to show, than mere guesswork to go upon when we postulate some internal "diathesis," some internal physiological current setting towards a concentration of pigmentation, of which one can cite cases among birds by the score. And we can follow the common and normal course of their evolution with no little certainty.

We have justification for the assumption that originally all birds were "drab-coloured." Then, as in so many and widely different types of birds to-day, the males began to display a little bright colour on the wings or along the back—e.g., the "laughing jackass" kingfisher. In the course of time the males of such species become entirely glorified. Sooner or later, the females, with advancing age, begin to follow along the same course, until in due time they are as vividly coloured as the males. The young birds still wear the ancestral drab-hued vestments. Our robin and starling afford instances in point. Finally, male, female, and young alike all wear vestments of splendour—as, for example, in our kingfisher, and in this particular case of the tree-sparrow now under consideration.

But we have yet to correlate these facts with certain others seeming to show that the acquisition of these permanent "glad-rags" is intimately associated with the activities of certain of the glands associated with reproduction. For there are many species which, with the oncoming of the breeding season, slip off, so to speak, by a moult, a very soberly coloured dress, and put on one of bright hues, as well as long, erectile frills and tufts, as in the case of the famous ruff (*Machetes pugnax*). As soon as the breeding

season is over, this "nuptial plumage" is replaced by what is known as the "winter dress." In birds like the dunlin, knot, and godwit, for example, both sexes wear a vividly coloured "nuptial dress," which is retained for round about four months, when it is exchanged for the dull-coloured "winter plumage."

But there is a tendency to lengthen the life of the resplendent dress, as, for example, with our mallard



FIG. 1. THE FEMALE HOUSE-SPARROW: PLUMAGE DIFFERING FROM THE MALE'S, ESPECIALLY AS HAVING NO BLACK ON THE THROAT.

The female house-sparrow illustrates the usual course of the evolution of a resplendent dress which is first perfected by the male, then acquired by the female, and finally by the young. The absence of the black throat in the female is only one of the many points wherein she differs from the male in this matter of coloration.



FIG. 2. THE COMMON SPARROW, OR HOUSE-SPARROW: BREAST AND BACK VIEWS OF A MALE BIRD.

The house-sparrow is distinguished by its grey crown and nape, and the extensive area of black on the throat. This, however, is masked during the winter months, as in this photograph, by white tips to the black feathers (A). The dark streaks, so conspicuous on the back of the living bird, can scarcely be seen in the photograph (B). The female (Fig. 1) has a totally different coloration.

and many other ducks. With them the "winter" dress is assumed before the breeding season is really over. Here, however, it is called an "eclipse" plumage, which is commonly described as like that of the female; but, as a matter of fact, this is only very broadly true. Be this as it may, while it is worn he is flightless, for, after the manner of his kind, all the flight-feathers are moulted at once, so that his only means of escape from enemies is by taking to the water. As soon as these quills have been replaced and hardened, the "resplendent dress" we know so well, and which answers to the "nuptial plumage," is resumed. The English partridge and the black-cock and the jungle-fowl throw a curiously interesting light on this "eclipse" plumage, for they also go into "eclipse," inasmuch as, for a few short weeks, they display the last remnants of a once complete eclipse dress, or winter plumage. But this remnant is confined to the feathers of the head and neck.

Among the passerine, or "perching" birds, the "nuptial plumage" is commonly not assumed by a moult, but by abrasion of the tips of the feathers of the "winter plumage" assumed at the autumn moult. The black throat of the house-sparrow, the black-and-white dress of the snow-bunting, and the rose-pink breast of the linnet afford instances in point. But the vivid scarlet breeding dress of the scarlet-tanager replaces a green winter plumage by means of a moult. The wing and tail-quills, however, are not renewed till the assumption of the "winter plumage" at the autumn moult. Enough has now been said, I trust, to kindle a new interest in our two species of sparrow, concerning which, it is clear, we have still much to learn.



FIG. 3. THE TREE-SPARROW: A BREAST VIEW, WHICH SHOWS THE BLACK SPOT ON THE CHEEK THAT CHIEFLY DISTINGUISHES IT FROM THE HOUSE SPARROW.

The tree-sparrow can be distinguished at once by the black spot on the cheek. The black area on the throat is smaller than in the house-sparrow, and the crown of the head is of a uniform vinous-chocolate colour.

A MEET IN GREATER LONDON! A "SOLDIERS' PACK" AT WOOLWICH.

FROM THE DRAWING BY GILBERT HOLIDAY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



THE OPENING MEET OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY DRAG HUNT: "GUNNERS" GATHERED ON THE PARADE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE OLD R.A. MESS AT WOOLWICH; AND THE SUBSEQUENT "FARMERS' DINNER."

"Few people would believe you," writes Mr. Gilbert Holiday, "if you told them that one of the opening meets of the Hunting Season proper took place, and has taken place for close on one hundred years, within the confines of Greater London. The scene shown is the parade ground in front of the Royal Artillery Mess at Woolwich on the last day of October, and a hunt is still

possible within a mile or two's hack ride. The evening is devoted to the Farmers' Dinner, when the sporting farmers of Kent and Essex partake of the good cheer provided by the finest Mess in the country. Such is the excellent spirit existing between the soldiers and the farmers that no claims for damage are received. The Hunt has produced many famous riders."

CYPRUS AS A "TREASURE ISLAND" OF ARCHAEOLOGY:

NEW DISCOVERIES: A PALACE; POTTERY AND SCULPTURE; AND A RICH HOARD OF GOLD AND SILVER.

By Dr. EINAR GJERSTAD, Leader of the Swedish Archaeological Expedition in Cyprus. (See Illustrations on Pages 807 and 808).

DURING the last year of excavation the work of the Swedish archaeological expedition in Cyprus has been devoted mainly to the complete excavation of the palace at Vouni, the discovery of which was reported in this journal last year, and to exploration of tombs of the archaic and classical period in the necropolis of the ancient town of Marion. Vouni belonged to the kingdom of Soli. The palace was erected by one of the kings of that kingdom about 500 B.C., and was abandoned about 400 B.C., when it was partly destroyed by fire. Consequently it was in use only during a comparatively short time. Still, two different building periods can be clearly distinguished. As a specimen of profane architecture it is quite unique within the Greek culture area, as no other palace of that period has yet been excavated. For our knowledge of the Cypriote culture in the historical period it is a central monument that will always be of the greatest importance.

The palace has an extent of nearly 10,000 square metres (about 10,000 square yards). Only the walls of the lower storey are preserved. They are built of well-cut square blocks of limestone. The walls of the upper storey were built of sun-dried bricks, of



A SKETCH-PLAN OF THE PALACE AT VOUNI: A GREAT BUILDING OF ABOUT 500 B.C., FOUND IN CYPRUS, COVERING SOME 10,000 SQUARE YARDS, AND, WITH ITS UPPER STOREY (NOT PRESERVED), FORMERLY CONTAINING ABOUT 200 ROOMS.

cult houses. These cult houses belong to the palace as a sort of palace chapels. In the largest of these we discovered the statues and the statuettes already described in my report last year. Other statues and statuettes of the same kind were found also this year in the smaller cult houses, but the most remarkable discovery this season was that of a gold and silver treasure that was found deposited in a terra-cotta jar buried in a box-room of the palace. The treasure consisted of two silver bowls, of which one is decorated with a rosette ornament, a silver *skyphos*, four bracelets of solid gold weighing nearly one kilogramme, fifteen silver bracelets, four gold coins, and 249 silver coins, and some other smaller pieces of jewellery. The ends of the gold bracelets are beautifully decorated with calves' and goats' heads, and some of the silver bracelets end with a snake's head. The gold coins are "darics" from the time of Artaxerxes I. All the silver coins have magnificent stamps. They belong to the later part of the fifth century B.C., and supply an excellent indication for the date of the destruction of the palace, because the treasure was found immediately below a layer of ashes, due to the conflagration.

Besides the work at Vouni, other excavations were made on the site of Marion.

This town was destroyed in 312 B.C. by Ptolemy Soter, and a new town was built about thirty years later by Ptolemy Philadelphos in honour of his wife Arsinoë, and named after her.

It is generally accepted by scholars that the remains of this town of Arsinoë are to be identified with some ruins close to the modern village of Polis tis Chrysochou, situated on the west coast of Cyprus, south of Vouni and north of Paphos. But the situation of Marion has been disputed, since no signs of a town site from the time before 312 B.C. could be detected in the vicinity of Polis tis Chrysochou. Some scholars therefore wanted to place it near the village of Mari, on the south coast of Cyprus. Wishing to settle this question, we dug a trial trench through part of the ruins of Arsinoë, and found Marion below Arsinoë.

Our main work in Marion, however, was devoted to excavation of tombs from the archaic and classical periods, in order to complete the result yielded by the excavation of the palace of Vouni. Vouni and Marion together show the development of the Cypriote culture under Greek influence from the end of the archaic down to the end of the classical period. Vouni has supplied the great architecture and the sculpture of these periods; in Marion we found specimens of the household furniture, the handicraft, and the personal ornaments, such as vases of terra-cotta, bronze and alabaster, candelabra of iron, lamps of bronze and terra-cotta, bronze spoons, iron knives,

[Continued on page 832.]



THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINES OF THE PALACE AT VOUNI IN CYPRUS: AN ARCHITECTURAL FEATURE AKIN TO THOSE OF THE MINOAN PALACES IN CRETE.

which many have been found in the débris. The walls were covered by a layer of stucco, and the floors by a kind of concrete made of sand, gravel, and lime. As the rooms of the lower storey amount to more than 100, it is evident that the whole palace must have contained about 200 rooms. The centre of the palace consists of an open courtyard, three sides of which are surrounded by a passage once covered by a roof supported by columns, of which some bases are still *in situ*. All round the courtyard the main rooms of the palace were grouped in a closed complex. A grand staircase extending over the whole width of the courtyard leads up to the great reception-hall, 19 metres (about 62 feet) in length, and 7.60 metres (about 24 feet) in width. Most interesting is the fact that the shape of this room is identical with that of the Greek temple, which is developed out of the Mycenaean house-type. The *megaron*—i.e., the reception-hall—of the Vouni palace is of the same shape as that of the Mycenaean palaces. But not only the *megaron*; the whole structure of the palace speaks of Mycenaean influence. A long and imposing tradition indeed! South of the main rooms is the kitchen department and a series of magazines bordering another big court with a cemented cistern. Joining the magazines is a remarkable vaulted room with thick walls pierced by holes. This seems to have been a hypocaust for heating the palace. To the north of the main rooms are the bath-rooms and another series of magazines opening from a corridor.

The entrance of the palace opened at its north-east corner, where a ramp-way leads up along some



"ARCHITECTURE UNIQUE WITHIN THE GREEK CULTURE AREA": A PORTION OF THE INNER COURTYARD OF THE PALACE AT VOUNI, WITH THE STAIRWAY TO THE HALL (MEGARON) AND A SMALLER STAIRWAY (IN FOREGROUND) THAT LED TO AN UPPER STOREY.

TREASURES OF GOLD AND SILVER FROM CYPRUS 2000 YEARS AGO.



A PAIR OF SILVER SPIRAL BRACELETS: TWO OF THE FIFTEEN BRACELETS IN THAT METAL AMONG THE TREASURE FOUND AT VOUNI.



BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED WITH CALVES' HEADS AT THE TWO ENDS: ONE OF A PAIR OF GOLD BRACELETS FOUND IN THE PALACE AT VOUNI.

1
An archaeological treasure-trove of rare splendour and interest is represented by these beautiful examples of the ancient craft of the goldsmith in Cyprus over two thousand years ago. In his article on page 806, describing his latest work on the site of the palace at Vouni, Dr. Einar Gjerstad says: "The most remarkable discovery this season was that of a gold and silver treasure that was found deposited in a terra-cotta jar buried in a box-room of the palace." There were two silver bowls, one plain and the other decorated with rosette ornament; a silver *skyphos*, 4 solid gold bracelets, the ends beautifully fashioned in the form of calves' and goats' heads; 15 silver bracelets, some with snake-head ends; various smaller articles of jewellery; 4 gold coins; and no fewer than 249 silver

[Continued in Box 2.]



ONE OF THE TWO SILVER BOWLS AMONG THE TREASURE FOUND IN THE PALACE AT VOUNI: A PLAIN VESSEL WITH TWO LARGE HANDLES.

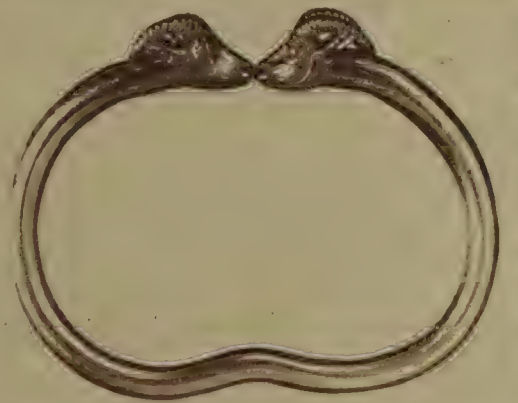


SOME OF THE 249 MAGNIFICENTLY STAMPED SILVER COINS IN THE VOUNI TREASURE: EXAMPLES OF THE LATER FIFTH CENTURY B.C., FIXING THE DATE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PALACE.

THE MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERY ON THE PALACE SITE AT VOUNI.



WITH ITS ENDS IN THE FORM OF SNAKES' HEADS: ANOTHER OF THE FIFTEEN SILVER BRACELETS AMONG THE VOUNI PALACE TREASURE.



EXQUISITE GOLDSMITH WORK IN CYPRUS OVER 2000 YEARS AGO: ONE OF ANOTHER PAIR OF GOLD BRACELETS ENDING IN GOATS' HEADS.

2
coins with magnificently stamped designs. The silver coins belong to the later part of the fifth century B.C., and, as the treasure was found immediately beneath a layer of ashes, they indicate the date when the palace was destroyed by fire. The Swedish expedition in Cyprus is under the patronage of the Crown
[Continued in Box 3.]



DECORATED WITH ROSETTE ORNAMENT: THE OTHER SILVER BOWL IN THE VOUNI PALACE TREASURE, DATING FROM THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.

3
Prince of Sweden, and has been at work since 1927. Previous illustrated articles by Dr. Gjerstad describing his earlier discoveries appeared in our issues of April 7 and September 22, 1928. PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. EINAR GJERSTAD, LEADER OF THE SWEDISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION IN CYPRUS. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 806.)

DISCOVERIES OF CYPRIOTE ART MORE THAN 2000 YEARS OLD.



TREASURES OF SOME CYPRIOTE WOMAN OVER 2000 YEARS AGO: A GOLD NECKLACE, WITH HAIR-RINGS, AND A FUNERARY GOLD MOUTHPIECE.

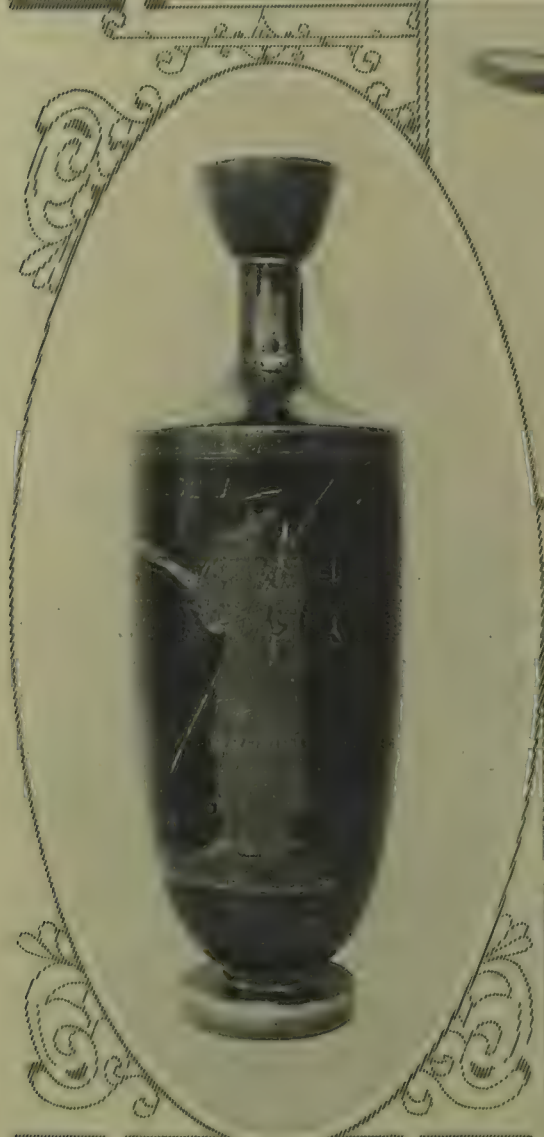


PERHAPS THE OWNER OF SOME OF THE JEWELLERY HERE ILLUSTRATED: A STATUE IN STONE OF A CYPRIOTE WOMAN WITH HER SERVANT, FROM A TOMB AT MARION.

JEWELLERY, VASES, AND SCULPTURE FROM TOMBS AT MARION.



LINKS BETWEEN CYPRUS AND EGYPT ABOUT 500-400 B.C.: AMULETS OF EGYPTIAN FAIENNE, WITH GOLD EAR-RINGS AND FINGER-RINGS, FOUND AT MARION.



A RED-FIGURED ATTIC LEKYTHOS OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.: A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF GREEK POTTERY FOUND AT MARION, IN CYPRUS.



DECORATED WITH AN OWL, THE EMBLEM OF ATHENS: A RED-FIGURED SKYPHOS FOUND AT MARION (FOURTH CENTURY B.C., THE PERIOD OF MASS IMPORTS OF ATTIC POTTERY TO CYPRUS).



A MASCULINE HEAD IN TERRA-COTTA FROM A TOMB STATUE FOUND AT MARION: AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF CYPRIOTE SCULPTURE.



WITH THE HANDLE BALANCED ON THE OTHER SIDE BY A HUMAN FIGURE: A CHARACTERISTIC CYPRIOTE TERRA-COTTA VASE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C.

All the objects shown on this page, it will be noted, came from the site of the ancient town of Marion, in Cyprus, whereas those on page 807 were found at Vouni. As Dr. Gjerstad explains in his article on page 806, while the palace at Vouni exemplified the great architecture and sculpture of the archaic and classical periods in Cyprus, the tombs at Marion provided specimens of household furniture, handicrafts, and personal ornaments, such as vases of terra-cotta, bronze, and alabaster, iron knives and candelabra, bronze and terra-cotta lamps, bronze spoons and mirrors, gold and silver ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelets, necklaces,

and hair-ornaments. The rare gold mouthpiece was probably for funerary use only, a sort of abbreviated face-mask. At the end of the fifth century B.C. much Attic pottery came from Athens to Cyprus. Marion was destroyed in 312 B.C. by Ptolemy Soter, and some thirty years later Ptolemy Philadelphos built a new town there and named it, after his wife, Arsinoë. The site is near the modern village of Polis tis Chrysochou. The position of Marion had been disputed in modern times, but Dr. Gjerstad, by digging a trial trench at Arsinoë, discovered the ruins of Marion in a lower stratum there.

BIG-GAME HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY: TIGERS; AND A TRAPPED LION.



TIGERS BREAKING COVER; AND AN AFRICAN LION TRAPPED FOR A "ZOO":. PHOTOGRAPHS AT TENSE MOMENTS.

Few big-game photographs could compare with these for dramatic movement and intensity. The upper one, taken at a tiger shoot in Nepal, shows two tigers breaking cover. The leading animal is down with a bullet from a hunter's left barrel, and the second (seen roaring with rage) fell almost on top of the first with the next shot from the right barrel.—The lower photograph was taken in Africa, where, it is said, the Prince of Wales will shortly go big-

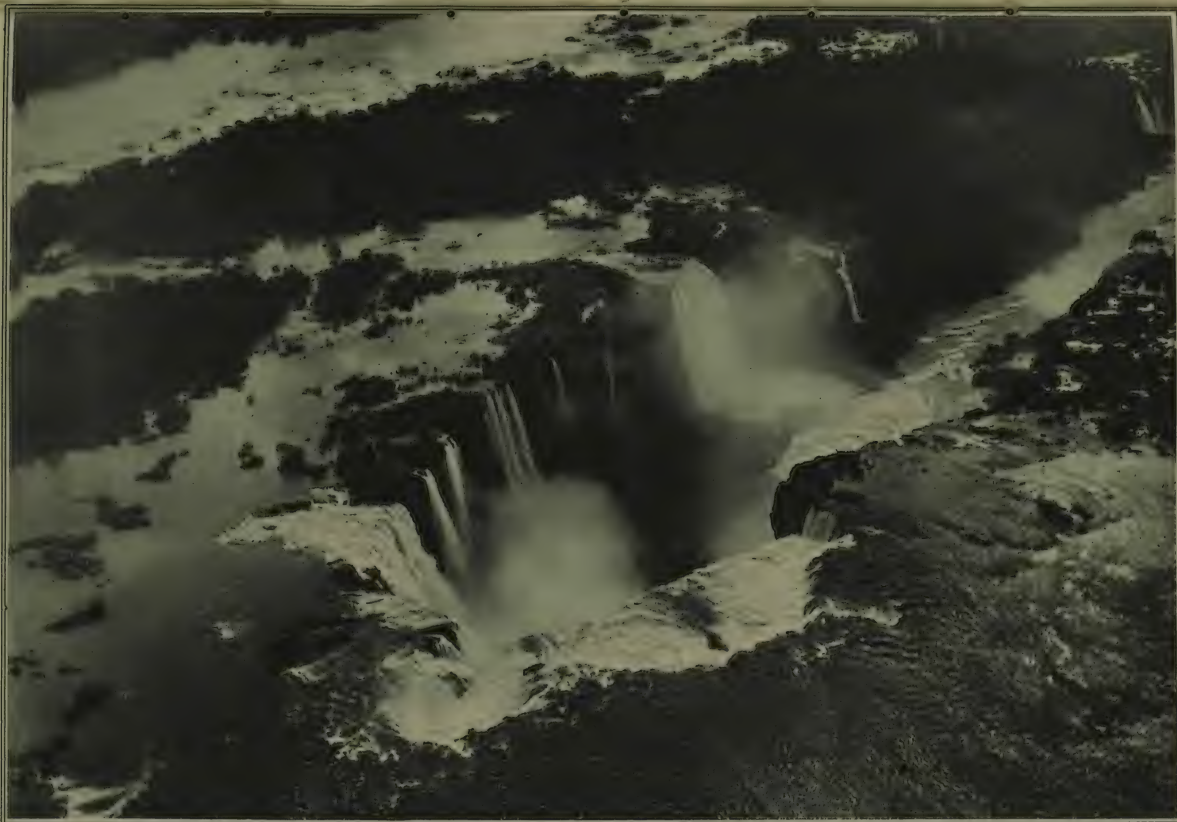
game hunting again. Writing in "Nature Magazine" (Washington) on the value of "Zoos," Mr. Stephen Haws says, with reference to this photograph: "It is a thrilling experience to see a fresh-caught lion or leopard in a trap. Its rage is beautiful and terrible, but the first emotion of a trapped animal is . . . shame; shame at having been outwitted; . . . and its desire is all for fight and revenge. Fear comes later."

A New Triumph of Air Photography: The Magnificent Falls of Iguazu.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM A LATÉCOÈRE "25" MACHINE OF THE ARGENTINE COMPANY, "AÉROPOSTA."



A SERIES OF GIANT "NIAGARAS" PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR: (ABOVE) A PANORAMA OF THE IGUAZU FALLS, ON THE BORDERS OF THE ARGENTINE, BRAZIL, AND PARAGUAY, SHOWING THE CHIEF CATARACT, THE DEVIL'S GORGE, IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND; (BELOW) A LOW-ALTITUDE VIEW OF THE DEVIL'S GORGE FROM ABOVE THE FALLS.



"The first aeroplane flight over the famous Falls of Iguazu," says a French writer, "was made some years ago by an Italian airman, Count Colombo, with a passenger, M. Ortiz Machado. . . . Recently, a second flight has been accomplished in a French machine, a Latécoère "25," of the "Aéroposta" Company. This time the photographic results were magnificent. When one remembers that the principal 'leap' of the Iguazu is about 195 ft., much greater than that of Niagara, one realises the vast scale of the panorama (the upper photograph). When it reaches the cataracts, the Iguazu, which flows from east to west for 437 miles, is only about twelve miles from its confluence with the Paraná. At that point stands the little town of Puerto Aguirre, where, after a five days' journey, tourists from Buenos Aires come to visit the Falls. Despite difficulty of access, the Devil's Gorge attracts about 3000 tourists every year, mostly from North America."

The writer suggests that the trip could be made much more quickly and conveniently by air. "Aéroposta" has a regular air service between Buenos Aires and Asunción, capital of Paraguay, and a French war pilot, M. Vachet, has projected a branch to a point near the Falls. From Posadas, he flew 375 miles over the Falls and back, and it was then that these photographs were taken. The flight was risky, owing to the nature of the ground, mostly dense forest, with no landing-places. There is, however, plenty of anchorage for seaplanes. The upper illustration shows, on the left, behind a wooded spur, the two stages of the Floriana Cataract. Next, forming a white cloud of spray, is the principal cataract, the Devil's Gorge. Immediately to the right, and half hidden by another wooded spur, are the Mitre and Payredon Cataracts. Reverting towards the foreground, we see the beautiful terraces of the Three Musketeers, and the successive falls of St. Martin.

ROYAL, PARLIAMENTARY, AND FASCIST AFFAIRS: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



CELEBRATING THE BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTH YEAR OF THE FASCIST RÉGIME IN ITALY: THE SCENE IN THE PIAZZA VENEZIA, ROME, WHEN SIGNOR MUSSOLINI ADDRESSED THE TROOPS AND THE PUBLIC.

The celebrations in the capital took place on October 27, instead of on the following day, in order that the working week should not be unduly interfered with. The Duce reviewed troops representing the forces stationed in Rome, and including eight battalions of Fascist Militia. This ceremony was held near the Baths of Caracalla. The troops then marched to the Piazza Venezia, where thousands of other Fascists assembled. There Signor Mussolini gave an inspiring

(Continued opposite.)



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S NEW TEMPORARY HOME AT SUNNINGDALE, IN SUCCESSION TO CRAIGMYLE: LITTLE COURT, WHICH IS ON THE GOLF-LINKS—A FRONT VIEW SHOWING THE ITALIAN SUMMER-HOUSE.

In due time, the Prince of Wales is to occupy Fort Belvedere, Virginia Water, and there he will have an aerodrome for his personal use. Repairs are now being carried out, and the alterations

(Continued opposite.)



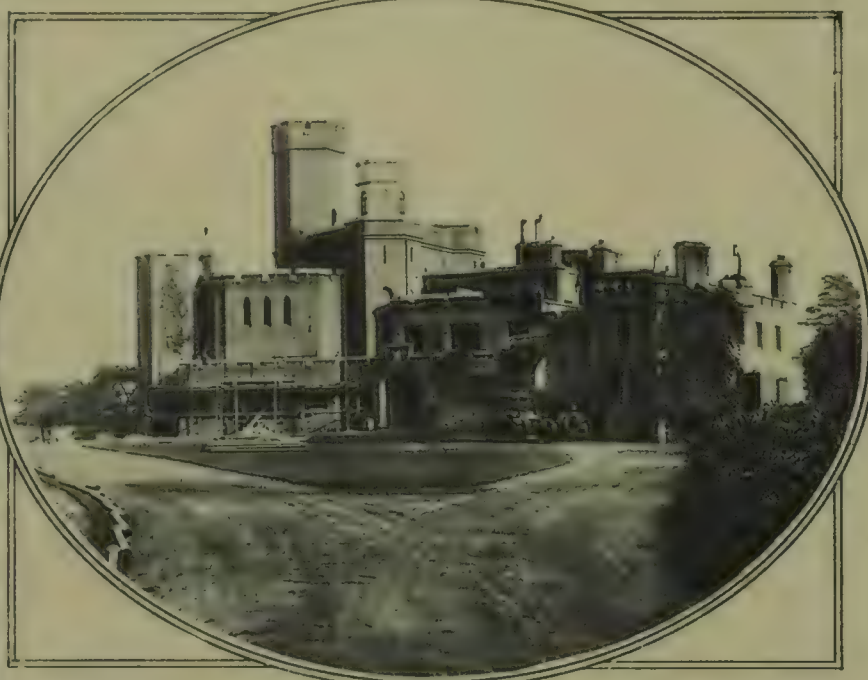
THE BULGARIAN PARLIAMENT HOUSE REOPENED AFTER THE FIRE THAT DID IT MUCH DAMAGE: KING BORIS READING HIS SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

It may be recalled that fire broke out in the Sobrane (the Bulgarian Parliament) in Sofia on April 30 last, and that much damage was wrought in the Chamber. The King's Throne, the Presidential tribune, the public galleries, and a number of the seats for Deputies were destroyed, and the library and the buffet also suffered. Repairs have now been effected, and the first meeting in the restored Parliament was held on October 25.



THE NEW HEROIC STATUE OF SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, WHICH IS SIXTEEN FEET HIGH, WITH A HORSE NINETEEN FEET LONG: IL DUCE AS HE IS REPRESENTED IN THE STADIUM CALLED "IL LITTORIALE," AT BOLOGNA.

address.—Various new public works were inaugurated to mark the anniversary of the March on Rome; and the gigantic statue of Signor Mussolini which is here illustrated was one of them. It is in the new stadium, Il Littoriale, at Bologna. It is 16 feet high, and the horse is 19 feet long. Other illustrations appeared in our issue of September 21 last.



TO BE A PERMANENT COUNTRY RESIDENCE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES: FORT BELVEDERE AS IT IS AT THE MOMENT—BEING ALTERED AND REPAIRED FOR HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S OCCUPATION.

will include the provision of a gymnasium. Meanwhile, his Royal Highness has had a lease of Craigmyle, Sunningdale. This term expired the other day, and the Prince has moved to Little Court, which he has taken until the end of the year from Brigadier-General Basil Buckley.



THE KING'S RETURN TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: HIS MAJESTY, ACCOMPANIED BY THE QUEEN AND BY PRINCESS ELIZABETH, AS HE DROVE TO HIS LONDON HOME. Their Majesties the King and Queen returned to London from Sandringham on November 4, reaching King's Cross Station soon after noon. Needless to say, they received a most cordial welcome, and it was remarked that the King was looking very fit. Princess Elizabeth accompanied her grandfather and grandmother from Norfolk, and later was taken to her parents' home at 145, Piccadilly. The drive in London was made without ceremonial.

The Art of Illumination Applied to Pagan Idolatry.

FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL MAK. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



SUGGESTING A PAGE FROM AN ILLUMINATED "MISSAL" FOR A "BLACK MASS":
"THE IDOL," BY PAUL MAK.

This remarkable painting, at once powerful in conception and decorative in design, after the manner of an illuminated mediæval manuscript, may be said to symbolise the fantasies of pagan idolatry. The sinister aspect of the idol's face, with its piercing, Satanic gaze, and the detail in the group of worshippers, rather suggest an illuminated page in a "missal"

for a Black Mass. The picture is the work of Paul Mak, a brilliant Russian artist who escaped from the Revolution and was at one time Court painter to the Shah of Persia. Some of his Persian studies were exhibited in London last year, at the Leicester Galleries. His experiences in Asia evidently gave him a taste for exotic Oriental imagery.

The Fate of Waterloo Bridge Decided at Last: No "Rebuilding," but "Reconditioning" and Widening.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALGERNON NEWTON. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



"THE NOBLEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD," ACCORDING TO CASANOVA,

The long controversy over the future of Waterloo Bridge since the subsidence nearly six years ago, was finally settled on October 22, when the London County Council rescinded its resolution of December, 1925, to rebuild the bridge, and decided instead to recondition and widen it, as recommended by the Royal Commission on Cross-River Traffic. The decision was subject to the Ministry of Transport contributing 75 per cent. of the cost (£946,000) as well as

RENNIE'S HISTORIC STRUCTURE AS IT APPEARED SOME YEARS AGO.

of the £12,500,000 required for the associated scheme for a new bridge at Charing Cross. The work on Waterloo Bridge will be "extremely difficult" and will "involve risk." The Council have appointed Mr. Frederick Palmer to be responsible for it, in association with their own chief engineer. Waterloo Bridge, designed by John Rennie, was opened on June 18, 1817, the second anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo.



THE CALL OF THE SUN COUNTRY



There is an old saying that he who knows the Sun Country will always hear its call.

It is the call of Africa and its golden sunshine, that great natural source of health and healing which medical science is utilising more and more to-day.

In the open spaces and mountain air of the Veld or the glorious freshness of the ocean resorts, the quality of the temperate sunlight of South Africa is supreme. A visit to this Dominion of blue skies combines the happy ideal of a complete health holiday with an invigorating change of scenes and interests.

Inclusive and independent tours are now being arranged with special Excursion Sailings from Great Britain in December 1929, and January 1930.

Write for Special Tours Programme (I.B.),

Apply:—

*The Director of Publicity
South African Government Offices,
Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.*

or

The Leading Tourist Agencies.

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE "DISCOVERY" AT WORK: CAPTAIN FRANK HURLEY "SNAPPING" ADMIRAL BURMESTER WHILE SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON LOOKS ON.

Sir Douglas Mawson, in command of the new Antarctic Expedition in the "Discovery," joined that famous craft, with his scientific staff, at Cape Town. Captain Frank Hurley, some of whose fine work was published in this paper on September 28, is the official photographer. Rear-Admiral Burmester became C-in-C., Africa Station, last February.

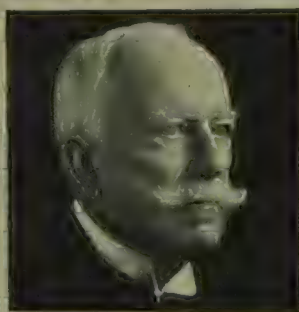


THE LATEST MUSICAL PRODIGY: YEHUDI MENUHIN, THE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD VIOLINIST, WHO PLAYED AT THE QUEEN'S HALL ON NOVEMBER 4.

Yehudi Menuhin, who is twelve, and comes from San Francisco, made a very successful debut in this country on the 4th, when he appeared as solo violinist with the London Symphony Orchestra. He gave the Brahms concerto particularly well and was acclaimed.



THE NEW FRENCH CABINET: M. ANDRÉ TARDIEU, THE PRIME MINISTER AND MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR. In M. Tardieu's Cabinet, M. Briand is Minister for Foreign Affairs.



SIR THOMAS HOLDICH. Died on November 2, at the age of eighty-six. Distinguished for his work on numerous Indian Frontier Commissions. Superintendent, Frontier Surveys, India, 1892-1898.



ADMIRAL SIR FREDERIC BROCK.

Died Nov. 1, aged 75. When the War broke out, was Senior Naval Officer at Gibraltar. Afterwards, commanding the Orkneys and Shetlands.



PROFESSOR W. RHYS ROBERTS.

Died on October 30; born in 1858. The scholar who devoted himself to the Greek rhetorical writers. Professor of Classics in the University of Leeds, 1904-1923.



SIR FREDERICK G. HOPKINS. Divides the 1929 Nobel Prize for Medicine with Dr. Eijkman, of Utrecht, for discoveries in connection with vitamins. Is Professor of Bio-Chemistry at Cambridge.

CANADIAN V.C.s ARRIVE IN ENGLAND FOR THE DINNER TO V.C.s OVER WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES WILL PRESIDE ON NOVEMBER 9.

In the photograph are seen (reading from left to right and beginning at the bottom): Major Thain W. MacDowell, Lt.-Col. George R. Pearkes, Captain (the Rev.) Benjamin H. Geary, Captain William H. Metcalf, Captain George F. Kerr, and Captain Coulson N. Mitchell.



SIR JOSEPH B. ROBINSON, BT.

Died on October 30 in his ninetieth year. Born in Cradock, South Africa. The well-known pioneer in the development of the South African gold-mines and the Kimberley diamond-fields. Began by wool-buying and by farming. Active in public affairs in Kimberley, and was the Mayor there in 1880. Passed the Diamond Trade Act. Fought in the Free State in the Basuto War.



THE MARQUIS INOUÉ.

Died in Tokio the other day. Born, 1861. Japanese Ambassador in London, 1913-1916. A Privy Councillor of the Emperor of Japan, and Grand Master of Ceremonies (1922-1926). Served his country as a diplomat also in Berlin and Brussels. President of the Board of Nobility. Special Envoy to the Centennial Anniversary of the Chilean Republic in 1910.



THE PRIME MINISTER'S RETURN FROM THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND MISS ISHBEL MACDONALD AT EUSTON, WITH LORD ARNOLD.

In a statement issued after his arrival, the Prime Minister said: "My visit to the United States and Canada has given me great satisfaction. I believe sincerely that my meeting with President Hoover, and my conversations with him and with other United States statesmen, have brought our peoples much closer together and improved enormously their mutual understanding."

THE STRUCTURE OF CALIGULA'S "FLOATING PALACE" NOW FULLY REVEALED: THE IMPOSING DIMENSIONS OF THE GREAT PLEASURE-BARGE.



PART OF THE HULL OF CALIGULA'S PLEASURE-BARGE, SHOWING ITS COVERING OF METAL PLATES: AN EXTERIOR SECTION OF THE GREAT VESSEL.



NEWLY-FOUND BRONZE HEADS OF LIONS AND WOLVES, AND SLABS OF CEMENT PAVEMENT FROM THE BARGE.



A BRONZE HEAD SUGGESTING THE WOLF OF ROMULUS: A FINE EXAMPLE OF ROMAN METAL-WORK PREVIOUSLY RECOVERED FROM THE SUNKEN IMPERIAL BARGE.



A BRONZE HEAD OF MEDUSA, WITH SNAKE LOCKS: DECORATION PREVIOUSLY RECOVERED FROM THE SUNKEN PLEASURE-BARGE IN LAKE NEMI.



A LARGE BRONZE HAND AT THE END OF A LONG BEAM: A RELIC FROM ONE OF THE SUNKEN PLEASURE-BARGES.



WITH A RING IN ITS MOUTH PROBABLY USED FOR MOORING SMALL BOATS: A BRONZE LION HEAD PREVIOUSLY RECOVERED FROM THE SUNKEN BARGE.



AN ARCHAEOLOGIST'S VISION BEFORE THE RECOVERY OF THE ACTUAL VESSEL: CALIGULA'S PLEASURE-BARGE AS IT MAY HAVE APPEARED TO ITS OWNER (APPROACHING ON THE RIGHT)—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY PROFESSOR G. MANCINI.



THE REALITY (AFTER SUBMERSION IN LAKE NEMI FOR SOME 1900 YEARS): PART OF THE BARGE REVEALED, WITH PROFESSOR ANTONIELLI (THIRD FROM LEFT) EXPLAINING IT TO SIR ERIC DRUMMOND AND OTHER VISITORS.



STANDING AMID THE MASSIVE TIMBERS OF THE GREAT PLEASURE-BARGE, AS NOW REVEALED BY THE DRAINING OF LAKE NEMI: PROFESSOR ANTONIELLI, THE ITALIAN ARCHAEOLOGIST WHO SUPERVISED THE SALVAGE OF THE VESSEL.

BELIEVED TO REPRESENT DRUSILLA, THE SISTER OF CALIGULA: A SUPERB BRONZE STATUE RECOVERED SOME YEARS AGO FROM THE EMPEROR'S SUNKEN PLEASURE-BARGE.



THE GREAT PLEASURE-BARGE ON WHICH THE "MAD" EMPEROR CALIGULA IS SAID TO HAVE INDULGED IN ORGIES NEARLY 1900 YEARS AGO: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DECK AND TIMBERS OF THE VESSEL (NEARLY 200 FT. LONG BY 60 FT. IN BEAM)—ITS SIZE INDICATED BY THE MAN AT WORK ON THE LEFT.

Ever since Signor Mussolini authorised the draining of Lake Nemi, in order to reveal the two sunken pleasure-barges of Caligula (Roman Emperor, A.D. 37-41) the successive stages of the work (illustrated from time to time in our pages) have been followed with eager interest. We are now able to reproduce four of the latest photographs of the first vessel, now completely exposed, along with illustrations of some newly found works of art and others previously recovered, and an imaginative reconstruction drawing, made some years ago by an Italian archaeologist to show the possible aspect of the great vessel during one of Caligula's festivities. The new photographs emphasise the fact that the craft now brought to light was one of very imposing dimensions and constructed of massive timbers. It was not a galley, of the Roman war-ship type, but rather an immense state barge, or glorified "house-boat," which in its day doubtless well deserved to be called "a floating palace." Dr. Thomas Ashby (formerly Director of the British School at Rome), to whom we are indebted for the

photographs of lion and wolf heads and that of Medusa, previously found, recalls that various attempts were made in the past to recover these craft and their treasures. "From 1827," he writes, "nothing more was done until 1895, when Eliseo Borghi conducted explorations, in the course of which were found the splendid bronze heads now in the Museo Nazionale Romano—a Medusa, three lions, and two wolves. The animals have rings in their mouths, probably for mooring small boats. . . . The second ship was found some 200 yards further south. The large bronze hand at the end of a long beam was discovered here. . . . The exact dimensions of the first ship were 197 ft. by 60 ft. over all. The second vessel was too deeply buried for accurate measurements. They are given approximately as 233 ft. by 80 ft." The statue (3 ft. high) in the top right illustration may represent Diana, or Caligula's sister, Drusilla, deified by him. The dress and attitude resemble a marble statue of Drusilla at Munich. The bronze statue was formerly in the possession of Messrs. Spink and Son, the well-known art dealers.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE MOON TAKES A "BITE" OUT OF THE SUN: THE RECENT PARTIAL ECLIPSE SEEN, AT ITS HEIGHT, FROM AUSTRALIA HOUSE.



AN ELEPHANT ON ITS WAY TO EXECUTION AFTER HAVING KILLED A WOMAN: THE CHAINED BEAST LED BY TWO OTHERS TO THE FIRING GROUND.

A rogue elephant, named Black Diamond, is here seen being led in chains to execution by two companions. He had run amok and killed a woman at Houston, in Texas, and had obviously become too dangerous. It may be recalled that, before Jumbo left the "Zoo," preparations had been made to shoot him in any such emergency.



THE "CHRISTUS" OF OBER-AMMERGAU SUPPLANTED: ANTON LANG—NOW TO DELIVER THE PROLOGUE.

The Passion Play at the village of Ober-Ammergau, in Bavaria, performed every ten years, in fulfilment of a vow made during a plague in 1634, will be given again next year, and the performers have just been chosen, as usual, by a committee elected by the villagers. The most notable change is that the part of Christ, impersonated at the last three performances by the veteran Anton Lang, will now be assumed by his brother, Alois Lang, while Anton Lang is to deliver the Prologue. Alois Lang, who understudied the part at the last performance, is by occupation a wood-carver and bee-keeper, and is thirty-eight years of age. Fraulein Anni Rutz, the new Virgin Mary, is twenty-three, and has not previously had a speaking part in a Passion Play, though she has had considerable experience in other religious plays.



"CAST" FOR THE 1930 PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU: (L. TO R.) PETER RENDEL (ST. PETER), HANSI PREISINGER (MARY MAGDALEN), ALOIS LANG (CHRIST), GUIDO MAYR (JUDAS), ANNI RUTZ (VIRGIN MARY), AND HANS LANG (ST. JOHN).



A COAT-OF-ARMS FOR HARROW SCHOOL, INCLUDING CROSS-ARROWS TO BE USED AS A BADGE.

The coat-of-arms recently granted to Harrow School is defined, heraldically, as "Azure, a lion rampant, in dexter chief two arrows in saltire, points downward, tied in the centre with a bow enfiled with a wreath of laurel, all argent." The cross-arrows are also granted for use as a badge.



A NEW AERIAL POST DEVICE: THE "KANGAROO" SYSTEM OF DELIVERING AND COLLECTING AIR MAILS WITHOUT LANDING.

This photograph illustrates a new German device, known as the "Kangaroo" apparatus, constructed on the Tempelhof Aerodrome at Berlin, which enables aircraft to deliver mails and freight without landing. The system is the invention of Walter Angermund, formerly Director of Air Traffic at Munich. An aeroplane is seen passing over the structure, and a package in the air below.



OPENED BY THE DUKE OF YORK, WHO DROVE HOME THE LAST OF HALF-A-MILLION RIVETS: THE NEW WEARMOUTH BRIDGE AT SUNDERLAND AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The Duke of York visited Sunderland on October 31, and formally opened the new Wearmouth Bridge, which has cost £300,000 and has taken two and a half years to build. On a platform raised 20 ft. against one of the two great steel arches spanning the River Wear, the Duke, wielding a pneumatic riveter, drove home a silver rivet inscribed to mark the completion of the work. He was afterwards presented with a silver replica of the rivet and washer. The new bridge displaces an old one dating from 1796.

A NOTED BIRD ARTIST'S EXHIBITION: MR. ROLAND GREEN AND HIS WORK.

FROM THE PICTURES BY ROLAND GREEN, F.Z.S., BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. ARTHUR ACKERMANN AND SON, 157, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.



"ROUGH WEATHER—MUTE SWANS."



"WHOOPEER SWANS."



"ALIGHTING—WOODCOCK."



"BREAKING COVER—PHEASANTS."



"REFLECTIONS—SNIPE."



THE ARTIST TAKING OBSERVATIONS: MR. ROLAND GREEN AMONG THE REEDS AND MARSHES OF THE HICKLING BIRD SANCTUARY, IN NORFOLK.



THE WELL-KNOWN BIRD-ARTIST WHO HAS PAINTED A SET OF FRIEZES FOR LORD DESBOROUGH: MR. ROLAND GREEN SHOWING EXAMPLES OF HIS WORK AMONG THE NORFOLK BROADS.

Mr. Roland Green, the well-known bird artist, is about to hold a new exhibition of his work at Messrs. Ackermann's galleries in New

In this frieze, which is 27 ft. long on two sides and 15½ ft. on the other two, are portrayed nearly all the rare migrants and visitors, besides the common denizens of the Hickling bird sanctuary. This year the artist has continued the decoration of Whiteslea Lodge with large oil paintings panelling the dining-room, two of which have been kindly lent by Lord Desborough for the exhibition. Mr. Green himself has a delightful studio and observatory built on an old ruin of a mill in a quiet corner of the bird sanctuary, and commanding a magnificent view of the Broad, with its reed beds and marshes. All the varied effects of cloud, wind, and rain, as well as the glorious sunrises and sunsets for which Broadland is famous, can here be studied. The old mill has become quite a conspicuous landmark, and is jokingly referred to as "The Lighthouse."

Bond Street. It is to be opened on November 12 by Lord Desborough, and to close on December 15. Last year Mr. Green executed an unusual type of frieze for the lounge at Whiteslea Lodge, Lord Desborough's house on Hickling Broad.

A BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHAEOLOGY FOR IRAQ.

PLANS TO PROMOTE RESEARCH IN A LAND OF BIBLICAL ROMANCE AND ASTONISHING DISCOVERIES.

By Lieut.-General SIR GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O., Commander-in-Chief, Mesopotamia, 1919-20 ;
Author of "Afghanistan" (reviewed on page h), "The Official History of the World War, Egypt," etc.



THE LATE MISS GERTRUDE BELL: THE FAMOUS SCHOLAR, TRAVELLER, AND POLITICAL WORKER IN IRAQ. TO WHOM THE PROJECTED SCHOOL OF ARCHÆOLOGY IS TO BE A MEMORIAL.

Miss Gertrude Bell herself left £6000 towards the foundation of a School of Archaeology in Iraq, now being developed.

hand. With all the world interested in the past to an astounding extent, with vast sums being spent on the investigation of even the lesser antiquities by other nations, here is the greatest field of them all comparatively neglected. The marvellous discoveries at Ur by Mr. Woolley have taken us to a past of culture so remote that five years ago its possibility would have been scouted. Yet even Mr. Woolley's operations are most inadequately financed.

The ancient "Land between the Rivers," which the Greeks called Mesopotamia and which men now correctly call Iraq, is so stored with treasures and romance that no other land in the world—not even India—can equal it. Its secrets have been consistently laid bare by British scientists and archaeologists in days gone by, and in that sense the land is peculiarly British and a field for British endeavour and British direction. Connected with it is romance of every kind. To the many millions to whom the Bible is still the Book of Books and likely to remain so, it is the land of their childhood. It is the land of the story of Eden; it is the land of Noah's Flood; it is the land of Abraham, who lived at Ur many hundreds of years later than those princesses and maids-of-honour whose remains and ornaments, now restored in the British Museum, may be seen any afternoon of the week. At Ur Mr. Woolley has even found the

deposits of a vast flood with an earlier people below it. Almost every step that science now makes tends to show how accurate, properly interpreted, are the historic stories of the Old Testament, and how the writer of Genesis must have had biological acumen that cannot be beaten in the most modern times.

To those whose fancy roams in the past, Iraq is the land of the unsolved mysteries of surpassing interest. What, for instance, is the story of the Hittites in their prime? What is yet to be unveiled of Aryan Mittani? Was, as some confidently assert, the

mere idea should unlock the pockets of the romantic. Again, what more can we yet learn of the origin of the Mongol races? Is it a fantastic idea that the "Mongol fold" was the brand put on Cain, and that the taboo in Holy Writ on all reference to the Mongolian races alone, after the ample detail in the first few chapters, is intentional, and is connected with this theory? It is all so attractive that any light thereon but lends more glamour to the secrets which Mesopotamia may contain. The Assyria of history

influential committee have launched an appeal. It will be a British school directed by a council in England, and the objects put before the public are fourfold—

- (1) The encouragement of research and excavation generally in Iraq.
- (2) The affording of facilities by scholarships and travelling fellowships to British students.
- (3) The publishing of a journal devoted to the subject (at present there are two in French and three in German, but nothing in English, though there are two in America).
- (4) To co-operate freely with other organisations carrying on work in Iraq and neighbouring countries.

The general committee contains the names of all who are interested in and connected with the land and to whom research appeals, and the executive committee, over which Sir Percy Cox presides, includes Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, Dr. H. R. Hall, Sir Dennison Ross, and Sir Arnold Wilson, with Sir Edgar Bonham-Carter as honorary secretary.

The committee consider that an expenditure of close on £5000 a year would be required, allowing £1800 for staff, £300 for library and offices, £800 for students, and £2000 for the work of excavation.

The Iraq Government, the British High Commissioner, and the British Museum have promised cordial support, and Sir Frederick Kenyon, writing on behalf of the British Museum, points out that we owe it to the memory of Rawlinson and Layard, as well as of Gertrude Bell, to provide an adequate school. Cheques drawn to the order of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq (Gertrude Bell Memorial) Appeal Fund, may be sent to the Hon. Sec., at 17, Radnor Place, London, W.2



ONE OF THE WONDERS OF ANCIENT SUMERIAN ART ALREADY REVEALED BY ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCH IN IRAQ: THE HARP FOUND IN THE QUEEN'S GRAVE AT UR (RESTORED)—SHOWING THE CALF'S HEAD SEEN IN AN ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION.

The wonderful discoveries already made at Ur by Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, leader of the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, have been illustrated from time to time in our pages. An exhibition of the latest finds was recently opened at the British Museum. The harp found in the Queen's grave had a sounding-box decorated with a calf's head of gold and lapis, with shell plaques engraved with mythological subjects, and bands of inlay. The woodwork, which had perished, has been carefully restored at the British Museum.

we know something of, yet half the ruined cities are unexplored. The Babylonia of Nebuchadnezzar, which men call neo-Babylonia, is a fairly open book, but ancient Babylonia, that Babylon of the First Sargon, and that historical event which has crystallised in the story of the Tower of Babel, we know little of. Yet at Kish the finds show that the wealth of information to be gathered is enormous. All along the old grey canals, long disused and dry, which served as trenches to Briton and Turk, lie the mounds of grey cities and temples innumerable.

And because that is so, and because there is the name of a little British lady with which every household has rung, there is a plan unfolding which should receive the support of all whom romance can stir and the past can move, and who would see that Britain takes the lead in lifting the veil from the past of a country which is salted down with our bones. The plan is no less than the inception of a "British School of Archaeology in Iraq" as a Gertrude Bell Memorial. The Khatun, or Balkis, as her friends and the Arabs affectionately called her, in addition to her interpid *fleur* for Eastern travel, was a competent and extremely thorough archaeologist. In addition to her political and intelligence work for Government, she was specially *en rapport* with all research and was greatly impressed with the importance of seeing that vandalism was stopped, and that all indecent scrambling, not only among antiquemongers, but between the archaeologists of rival nations and bodies—than whom none ride more jealous—should be prevented by adequate laws. When her political work came to an end she spent the last few years of her life as Honorary Director of Archaeology to the Iraq Government, and was largely concerned in the passing of a law which should see that Iraq had a fair claim to share in the "finds" of the five thousand years of culture which the land contains. She left £6000 towards the founding of a school of archaeology, and it is to add £44,000 thereto, and to found a school with four main objects, that an



A RECENT DISCOVERY IN IRAQ: THE CALF'S HEAD OF GOLD AND LAPIS ON THE SOUNDING-BOX OF THE QUEEN'S HARP FOUND AT UR (SHOWN IN AN ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION).

Mighty Nimrod, whose name *Namrud* is still a word of power among the Arabs, a world conqueror with an empire as mighty as Darius, and, moreover, so famous that he became the father of "the gods" of Greece and Rome and Egypt? The



ARCHÆOLOGICAL TREASURE DISCOVERED IN IRAQ: PART OF A SUMERIAN CHARIOT FOUND AT UR—A RESTORATION SHOWING THE DECORATION WITH INLAY AND ANIMAL HEADS.

Photographs of Ur treasures on this page reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.

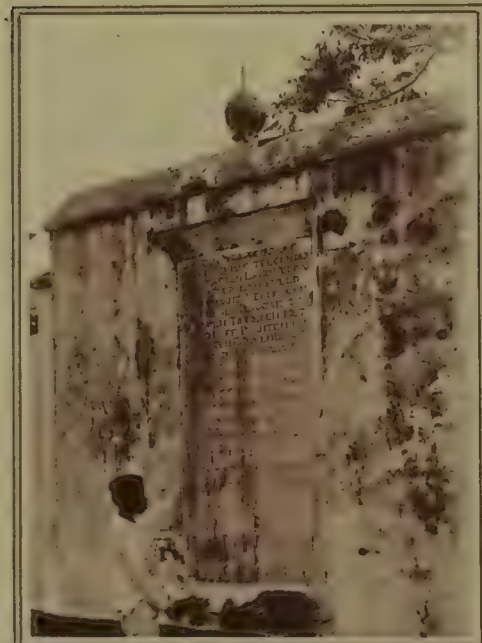
ODD SCULPTURE—NATURAL AND OTHERWISE.



"THE SWORD IN THE ROCK": A REMARKABLE RELIC OF THE TWELFTH-CENTURY HERMIT—SAINT GALGANUS, OF SIENA, WHO DIED IN 1181.

Saint Galganus, who lived the life of a holy hermit, in the neighbourhood of Siena, died in 1181 at the age of thirty. This relic—a sword thrust into the rock—was found on the heights on which he dwelt and has, of course, seen many a pilgrimage of the faithful.

A PLUCKED FOWL AS A WARNING: A STRANGE STATUE TO DEMONSTRATE THE POINT THAT IT IS NOT ALWAYS WISE TO JUDGE BY APPEARANCES. This curious effigy of a plucked fowl stands in the village of Moron de la Frontera, which is 128 kilometres from Seville. It is designed to emphasise the point that it is not wise to judge by appearances: the cock, though featherless, still does its duty by crowing!



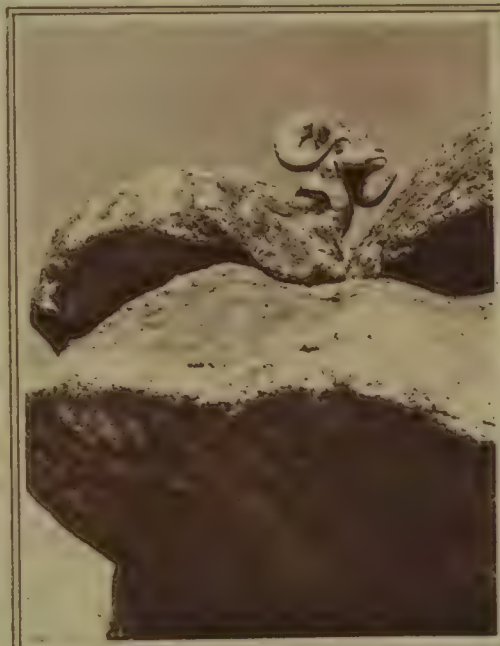
A PLASTER-CASED SKULL AS SIGN OF TABU: THE SPEARED HEAD OF PIETER ELBERFELD. Of the first of these three photographs, it should be said that Pieter Elberfeld, born in 1663, son of a German father and a Javanese mother, headed a conspiracy, when he was some fifty-eight years of age, to massacre the Dutch in Java. Unluckily for him, his niece, who

(Continued above.)



A FOUR-TON PETRIFIED LOG: A REMARKABLE PIECE OF "TIMBER" REMOVED FROM A SUNKEN FOREST FOR USE AS A WAR MEMORIAL. had overheard the plot, warned a Dutch officer with whom she was in love. As a result, a number of conspirators were cut down and the leader was arrested—to be sentenced to death in most terrible form, and to have his head cut off and stuck on a post. This is now to be seen on top of a whitewashed wall edging a public road on the outskirts of Batavia.—On Bear Creek, in the State of Washington, a

(Continued on right.)



SCULPTURED IN ITS NATIVE HAUNTS: A GIGANTIC RAM'S HEAD CUT IN THE ROCK NEAR HOMER, LOUISIANA. sunken petrified forest was found, strung along the creek's bed for ten miles. The "logs" are as hard as flint, and many "branches" have been used as non-rotting fence-posts. The particular piece of "timber" illustrated was chosen for erection as a monument to United States soldiers who fell in Argonne.



ADVERTISING "THE WORLD'S EGG-BASKET": A FOWL IN WOOD AND PLASTER, AT PETALUMA.

Petaluma, California, boasts that it is "The World's Egg-Basket" and, to advertise this assertion, it has wood and plaster devices at either end of its railway platform. One of these is the fowl illustrated; the other represents a basket and bears the statement: "Petaluma, the World's Egg-Basket, Produced 35,000,000 Doz. Eggs in 1925."—"Mr. Rockyfellow," a natural rock-formation,



"MR. ROCKYFELLOW" IS GIVEN A SMOKE: A NATURAL "MAN'S HEAD"—WITH ITS PIPE IN PLACE.



THE GOD OF SOVIET RUSSIA: A COLOSSAL STATUE OF LENIN—WITH A MAN INDICATING ITS SIZE.

is in Napa County, California. Local hospitality provided the pipe!—Lenin, it need hardly be emphasised, is the God of Soviet Russia. Statues and pictures of him are everywhere, and it has been said, with a good deal of truth, that he has replaced the ikon. Some idea of the size of this particular effigy may be gained by noting the man seated on the scaffolding.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

IN "The Man Who Lost Himself" (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.), by Osbert Sitwell, there is a tussle for supremacy between the author and the poet-lover-madman of his creation. The story of Tristram Orlander is marvellously told; that is true. But a fictitious Mr. Sitwell of the future (as a foreword describes him) relates it, accompanying the poet on a journey to Spain; and it is not the distraught Orlander who sets the pace. He had been overthrown by love, and sent abroad for his health. Orlander and his visions float in and out of the cloud-wrack of fantasy, levitated by the incalculable forces of a poet's intuitions and introspections. The young man, recovering painfully from his breakdown, is bedevilled by portents and omens and sinister dreams: the shapes they assume are mysterious, but the fate to which they lead is horribly definite. So much for the man who Lost—and Found—himself. To follow his flights requires a certain effort of imagination. To travel in Spain with Mr. Sitwell is an excursion which the least speculative of us can undertake. His cleverness, firmly applied, ensures that we see with his eyes and hear with his ears, until the illusion is complete that there is something clever about us too. And that, because all that he sees and hears is perfectly presented, is one of the reasons why "The Man Who Lost Himself" is irresistible.

John Masefield's "The Hawbucks" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) is like and unlike his other work; like, in bearing the imprint of the author of "Reynard the Fox"; unlike, in being a novel of the English country-side. The neighbourhood was curiously infested with young marrying men. "Infested" is the word to express their behaviour towards the alarms and excursions. A hawbuck is a clownish fellow. He is at his worst in Vaughan, who broke into Carrie's father's house in the violence of his wooing, and at his best in George Childrey, who had been abroad and learned tolerance, and so perhaps was not a true hawbuck after all. As for the rest of them, they pestered Carrie on their knees,

and in the hunting-field, on her quiet Sunday afternoons, and at the hunt ball. This might be comedy, but Mr. Masefield is not amused by the agonies of the lovers, and Carrie, poor girl, was distressed at the unfortunate effects of her beauty. The charm of "The Hawbucks" comes through when hounds and horses are in full cry, and when George fights the storm, driving over the Godsdown in a wild night of snow.

It is a racy, romantic story, starred with some lovely passages, and informed by Mr. Masefield's sympathy for brutes and humans alike. To pass from him to Julian Green in "The Dark Journey" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) is to descend from the daylight to the underworld. If it were only the potential murderer whose depths of moral degradation were plumbed, "The Dark Journey" might be bearable; but Mr. Green's provincial Frenchwomen are more terrible than M. Guéret on his road to homicidal mania. He is mad, or is going mad. They are diabolically in possession of their senses. Everybody is degenerate, and it is hard to say whether

Mme. Londe, who is a procuress for sport as well as for profit, or Mme. Grosgeorge in her sadist fury, is the greater monster. The book is translated from the French, though no one would guess it. Its literary style is faultless. Which brings us to "The Fiery Dive" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), by

Martin Armstrong, and the perfection of its stories. Take "Portrait of the Misses Harlowe." The Manor House ladies, step-sisters with twenty years between them, lose their old home. The elder sister sits in her narrow little villa like a caged eagle, a prisoner to the past. The younger marries beneath her, for love. On this slight and commonplace foundation, Mr. Armstrong raises a structure of intimate beauty. Or take "Saint Hercules," where the fall and redemption of a Syrian hermit are set in marvellous colours of the desert and the walled city. Every line of "The Fiery Dive" has its grace.

Michael Arlen and Fannie Hurst write about worldlings and the world. They occupy worlds of their own, it will be understood. "Five and Ten" (Cape; 7s. 6d.) is Miss Hurst's exploration of the New York of the multi-millionaire.

in the Wood" is brilliantly written; that goes without saying.

Three young women have produced three good novels this month. Once upon a time this would have been considered remarkable; as things are, there is a risk of their competence not having full justice done to it, so vast is the stream of fiction. Sylvia Thompson's "Chariot Wheels" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) is a study of the writer who made his public successes the excuse for his infidelities. He had a dash of the Sentimental Tommy about him, but more of the common libertine. The trouble with Lester Midge was that he was a cad who had married a woman of breeding—which was, naturally, also the tragedy of Lester Midge's wife. Miss Thompson has some tiresome mannerisms, but the art of the storyteller is hers, and her characterisation is highly

efficient. "Glass Houses" (Grant Richards and Toulmin; 7s. 6d.), by Theodora Benson, is as bright

and shining as its name, and, to carry on the simile—its outlook on life is refreshingly open to the sun. Her young girl, a delightful creature, had a joyful ideal of physical, mental, and spiritual fitness; and the idealism of Miss Benson does not let her down. This is a book that springs surprises on you; charming surprises that are wisdom wittily expressed. In "Storm Bird" (Murray; 7s. 6d.), by Mollie Panter-Downes, a widow is caught on the rebound, a situation that she handles remarkably well. The storm-bird whom Martin Thorpe installed in the superb Florence's vacant place was a bird of passage, but she stayed long enough for him to realise that the ecstasy and suffering she brought him were better worth than all the years of the exemplary Florence. A cross-section of London society is skilfully demonstrated in this book.

No one can touch Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick in the family story, and Mrs. Agatha Christie holds her own in the craft of the thriller. Mrs. Sidgwick's

"Six of Them" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) makes common human things extraordinarily interesting, just as they are in real life when they happen to be one's next-door neighbours. The mother of the family tells us all about it, and a dry, illuminating humour plays over her account of her six daughters, and her two Cornish servants, and the visiting aunt, and the menfolk who to her are children of a larger growth. Mrs. Sidgwick's crisp art never fails. "Partners in Crime" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is, as you would expect, a

[Continued on page 832.]



MR. OSBERT SITWELL,
Author of "The Man Who Lost Himself."



THE HON. THEODORA BENSON,
Author of "Glass Houses."



WINNER OF A PRIZE OF £1000 FOR A NOVEL: MISS MURIEL HARRIS, AUTHOR OF "THE SEVENTH GATE." Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd., in conjunction with Messrs. Harper and Brothers, recently held a competition for "the best novel in the English language written by someone of British nationality," and offered a prize of £1000. This has been won by Miss Muriel Harris, with "The Seventh Gate," her first novel, and a work to which she gave four years. Miss Harris, who was born at Abingdon, in Oxfordshire, is, of course, no stranger to writing, and a number of her short stories have been published. Just before the Great War, she took up journalism, and joined the staff of the "Manchester Guardian." During the war, she not only carried on her newspaper work, but organised and collected for a French base hospital. She now spends a good deal of time in Paris, writing on modern movements in French art—as well as on dress.

It is not a good world for Rarick, and it is worse for his boy and girl. Mrs. Rarick is a nagger; Rarick has no hold over his children. The son is a poet spoiled and takes his own life; the girl is mixed up with a rotten set. Rarick's way out of his anxieties, after Mrs. Rarick has died of cancer and he has lost the boy, is to give up his millions; a gesture not of nobility, but of despair. "Babes in the Wood" deals with an older society, profoundly engaged in the pursuit of beautiful women by attractive and audacious young men, or of the young men by the women. There is, of course, much more in it than the ardours of the chase. There is Mr. Arlen's neat dialogue, and his wit, and his genius for amusing us with little bits of thistle-down. And also there is the glint of a philosophical intuition—the flash behind an ironically smiling mask. "Babes



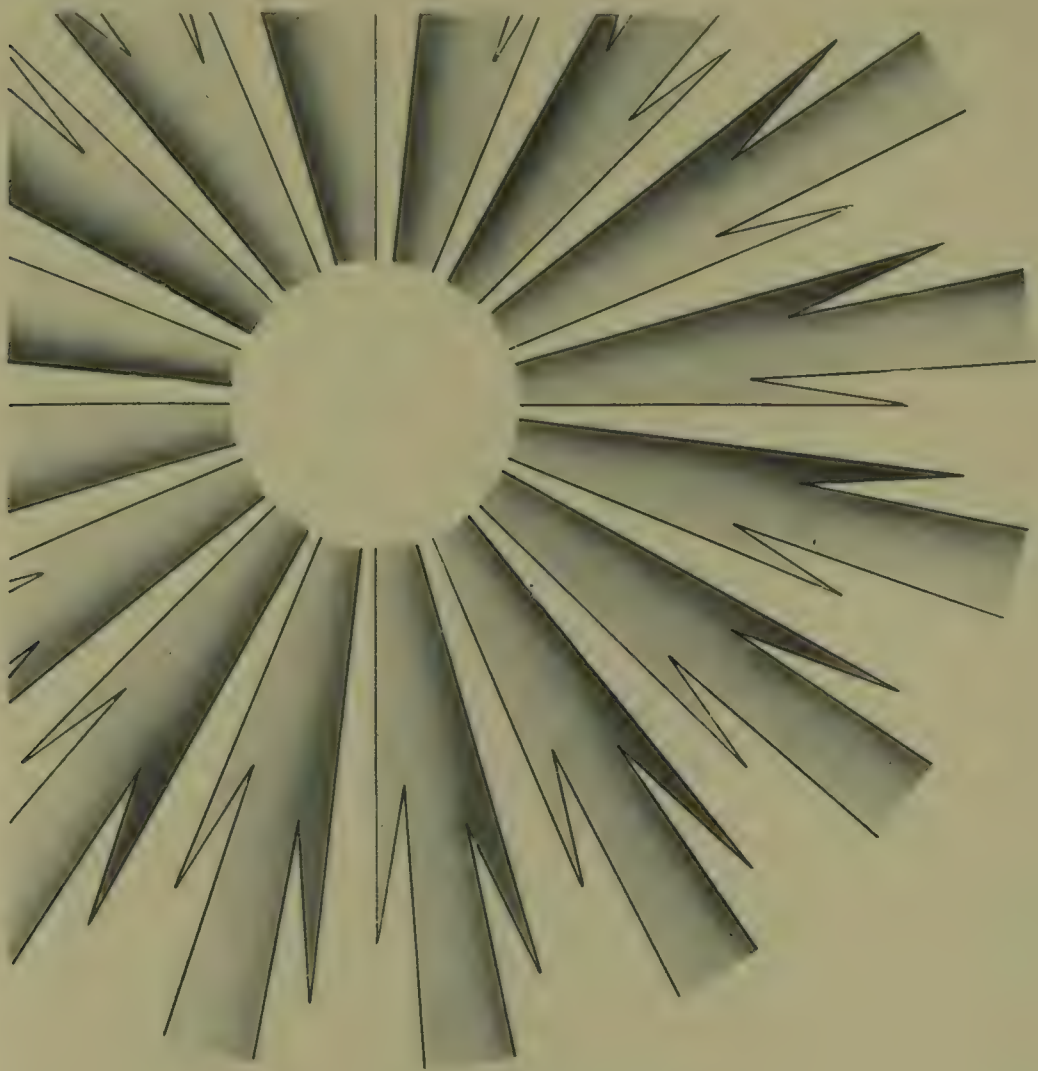
MISS SYLVIA THOMPSON,
Author of "Chariot Wheels."



MISS FANNIE HURST,
Author of "Five and Ten."



"GRAHAM SETON" (LIEUT.-COLONEL
G. S. HUTCHISON, D.S.O., M.C.),
Author of "The W. Plan."



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